National Anti-Slavery Standard.

S. H. GAY, OLIVER JOHNSON, } ..... Editors.

Without Concealment—Without Compromise.

EDMUND QUINCY, Corresponding Editor.

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Pro-Slavery.

COLONIZATION—AMALGAMATION AND NEGRO BLEACHING.

For the past two weeks the good people of West Chester have, by turns, been edified and amused, by a series of meetings for the discussion of the negro question. Chester county has long been considered the hot bed of Abolitionism, and West Chester, as the County seat, has been more or less beautified with the practical results of a blind and reckless advocacy of a cause which, however noble in the hands of pure minded patriots, and there are such among the Abolitionists of this section, has become a reproach and a challenge to respectability. This may be regarded, perhaps, by the reader as a broad and sweeping assertion; but when we assert still farther that the rendevouz and secret meeting-places are not altogether unknown; that white amalgamationists have been dogged in the open streets with negro wenches, that but a few days ago a stranger on entering the borough was startled at seeing a "respectable" white man hugging a black wench in *open, day light*, we think that we shall have shown cause sufficient for the feelings of contempt that manifested itself when any of the Abolitionists took the stand. We blush to make such a denouement; but desperate cases require desperate remedies. But this is not a common characteristic of West Chester; in the language of one of the speakers on Tuesday evening last, it was confined to "*a respectable minority.*"

The spectacle is not a pleasant one; it is mortifying to the pure-minded philanthropist to find that a cause, good and desirable in its object and conception, should be so perverted as to bring it into bad odour with a people proverbially generous and philanthropic.

The meetings and subsequent discussion originated in the call by the Rev. Mr. Pease, agent of the American Colonization Society, in the course of his regular mission. Having had full sway so long, the amalgamationists could not brook his presence without an attack, and the result shows more clearly what principles they advocate. The licentious deportment referred to above is so appreciated, that every attempt on the part of the amalgamationists to speak, at the opening, was put down by the audience. A subsequent arrangement, however, was effected, giving each party alternately half an hour.

Mr. Whitehead took the floor against colonisation. His argument and speeches were altogether of a negative, declamatory and traducive character. The negro here was oppressed, trampled upon, and kept in subserviency; and if he went to Liberia, would die of the acclimating fever; he laboured hard to show that the negro had not capacity for self-government, and that the Republic of Liberia could not succeed: that the Republic would necessarily fall before the superiority of the natives. He contended that here, in the *temperate zone*, was the only place where the negro might hope for elevation in society, arts and science; and he took occasion to expatiate largely upon the superiority of the mulato man, in whose veins circulated a preponderance of Caucasian blood. He seemed wonderfully elated with the picture he drew, of "the superiority and indomitable energy of the Caucasian when mixed with the tenacity of the negro blood." Thus fixing in the mind of the audience his appreciation of the mode proper to elevate the negro in the scale of *advancing* civilization; a mode openly advocated at a previous meeting, when it was clearly declared that the only salvation for the negro race was to *bleach the black blood out of them.*

Do we not expect teachers to practice the morals they teach?

But the rebuke, when administered by Mr. Pease, fell like a syroco from Sahara. In all the attacks made by the amalgamationists he found but little to answer, and much to rebuke, and occupied the time mainly in presenting the cause of Colonization, the claims of Liberia, the noble efforts to give nationality to the negro race, and the importance of that Colony as a means of suppressing the Slave trade; contending that with all the incentives of political and national identity, they were capable not only of self government, but of exercising one important influence in extending the boundaries of civilization in Africa. Thus placing an estimate on negro character far above the grovelling idea of the amalgamationist, whose *elevating* process is to be performed by the *levelling* of the Caucasian.

At the close of Mr. Pease's half hour, on Tuesday evening, he waived all further advantages for the privilege of closing. This Mr. Darlington objected to, whereupon the "noise and confusion" increased to an alarming extent, showing conclusively, that it will not do for *popular* men to appear where the people are *enthusiastic*. Order was restored by Mr. Pease withdrawing the request, when an eminent opponent of Colonization was introduced, who proved a perfect god-send to the audience, brightening up the parched places and irradiating a greenness truly delightful. The speaker was afflicted with a perfect diarrhœa of words—but, "you can't expect one of my age to speak in public on the stage." So we'll drive on.

Two points seem to have been established by this discussion.

The first is, that the Colonizationists wish, in spending their time and money, to establish the negro in a government of his own, where he can enjoy the blessings of political liberty and equality, and earn a name as a people in the civilized world.

The other is, that the only mode is to steal off the slaves from the South, plant them along the underground railroad towards Canada, and bleach out the black blood by the favourite process of amalgamation.—*West Chester (Pa.) Jeffersonian.*

THE INJUSTICE OF HUMAN "JUSTICE."—In one of our city "Court Rooms" yesterday, there sat a negro father, who has confessed himself to be no better than he should be in his intercourse with women, demanding, in the name of law and justice, the restoration of his child; the Room is crowded with Abolitionists of all colours, who are profuse in their expressions of sympathy; while Counsellor Culver roars, and Lewis Tappan groans, over the outrages of African Slavery.

The defendant in this case is a white woman of tarnished reputation—a damaged Rose, if the witnesses speak truth, who claims possession of the child on the ground that she once owned, and has brought the baby up; and that the father of the girl is not fit to take care of her. Counsellor Brady ably defends the woman's claims; a crowd of Anti-Abolitionists surround her with an atmosphere of sympathy; and the child, shrinking from the claimant, clings to her protectoress as though she were her mother.

In another Room of the same Temple of Justice, there sat, ALONE, a poor white mother, lately divorced from her husband, weeping and wailing for the loss of her three little ones, whom the father had stolen away. The case of Mrs. James has been barely mentioned in the newspapers; and we have no intention of discussing the merits of the question of her quarrel with her husband. If there were not faults on both sides, then this is one of the rare exceptions in the long catalogue of conjugal difficulties. Our object is simply to note the fact, that this poor woman, whose heart and eyes were bleeding with such woes as only an outraged wife and bereaved mother can know, found not a single friend, in her affliction, to accompany her into the presence of the Judge to whom she appealed—no eloquent sympathizer to portray her grief to the public—not even a newspaper reporter to tell the world the story of her wrongs!

Go black your face, poor, pale, moaning mother! There is no sympathy for white misery here. Crime daily crimsons our streets with innocent blood; and horrid murder nightly darkens our midnights with its nameless deeds. But we have no ears for the groans of the dying, nor the sufferings of the living, unless they come to us from African lips, and redolent of the odor of Abolition romance. Truly "Justice" is blind; or has an eye only for the *dark* side of human suffering.—*N. Y. Eve. Mirror.*

THE *Courier des Etats Unis* suggests to the Abolitionists of Europe, who have provinces in the West Indies, that when insurrections among the blacks take place, as is now the case in Tortola, one of the Islands in the Carribbean sea, belonging to Great Britain, that it is but the natural result of their zeal in behalf of the Abolition of Slavery. The *Courier* holds that the two races can never live under the same government upon terms of equality, a truism which the world's experience has established, but which some obstinate unbelievers affect to discredit. And, what is most remarkable, with such unbelievers they demonstrate in their own lives, and by their own acts, the truth they affect to discredit. Who treats the negro worse, as a general thing, than your zealous Abolitionist? Which of them would bring the negro upon a level with their families? We read in the *Times* the promise of a white man to marry a negro woman, but it is a promise where the white man expects in return the pretty sum of $10,000 for the sacrifice. It would be worth that sum at least, and the thing itself ought to be as offensive to blacks as whites.—*N. Y. Express.*

Selections.

ANOTHER SLAVE CASE.

HABEAS CORPUS BEFORE JUDGE FLINN.

THE steamer Tropic landed at the wharf on Thursday evening about 4 o'clock, having on board three slaves, Edward, Hannah and Susan, who had been purchased in the up country, and were being taken to the South. The matter becoming known, a *habeas corpus* was applied for upon the affidavit of William Troy, a coloured man, and they were brought before Judge Flinn yesterday afternoon.

Upon being brought before the Judge, the woman Hannah expressed a wish to be allowed to return to her master on the boat. The Judge immediately remanded her to the custody of the claimants without investigation. Judge Flinn asked Hannah if she had the charge of the child Susan, to which she answered that she had. Whereupon the Judge also ordered her back into the custody of the claimants without examination. Mr. Joliffe protested against remanding the child back without examining the case. The Court said they would take the responsibility, and the two slaves, Hannah and Susan were taken out of Court and conveyed over to Covington. Susan was a little girl of some four or five years of age, and as appeared from the testimony was of no relation to the woman.

The examination in regard to Edward was then taken up.

Mr. French, the captain of the boat; Mr. Eno, the clerk; Mr. Lipsey, who had the slaves in charge, and several others were examined. From their testimony it appeared that Edward, with the woman and child, were bought by a Mr. Doty and Mr. Ambrose, in Virginia, and taken on board the Tropic, to be conveyed to the plantations of the purchasers in Mississippi. Edward was put on the boat at Catletsburg, in manacles, and so continued until they arrived in this city. They were in the immediate care of Mr. Lipsey, the agent of the purchasers, who had been employed to take them down the river. They had intended to land the negroes in Covington, but were prevented from doing so on account of the lowness of the water. They therefore laid up the boat at the Ohio shore. The boat was attached to the landing in the usual way. Shortly after the boat landed, Lipsey took the three slaves on to the Ohio shore, and took them from above Sycamore street on the landing down to the ferry-boat, and took them over into Covington, where they were kept during the night.

They were brought back in the same manner yesterday morning, and replaced on the steamboat. In doing so it appeared that the slaves were in this city on the Ohio shore, and at a considerable distance from the margin of the river. They were all this time under the immediate charge of Lipsey, the agent of the owners, Doty and Ambrose.

Upon the conclusion of the testimony Mr. Joliffe asked the Court to adjourn the case to this morning. Judge Key, who appeared for the claimants of the slaves, resisted the adjournment. Mr. Joliffe insisted upon his right to have further time for preparation. He said it was not a case for his client of punishment in the Penitentiary for one or two, or even ten years, but a question of liberty or Slavery for life.

After considerable discussion Judge Flinn decided that the trial should proceed. Lights were accordingly procured and at seven o'clock Mr. Joliffe commenced his argument.

He proceeded with his argument, laying down the principle that the voluntary bringing of the slave by a gentleman into a free State, invested him with freedom, of which he could not be deprived. He read numerous decisions to establish this point clearly and decisively. Before he finished his plea, he was taken suddenly ill, and then asked the Court to continue the case on account of his indisposition.

Judge Keys, the counsel for the agent, objected.

Judge Flinn then refused to continue the case till 9 o'clock in the morning. He said he was disgusted with the course counsel had pursued in the case; he felt as though he had been imposed on, and was unwilling to be trifled with longer.

Judge Keys then said the Ohio River was an highway for all the States bordering on it, over which all had concurrent jurisdiction for purposes of navigation, and had a right to use the adjacent shores for purposes necessary to that navigation. The landing of these slaves on the Ohio shore was thus necessary, and did not bring them within the acknowledged principle, that a voluntary bringing of slaves to a free State did invest with freedom. He read the decision of Judge Reid, in the Hobbes case, to that effect.

P. Zinn then said that Mr. Joliffe had been obliged to retire in consequence of illness, and had requested him to urge the Court to continue the case, and proceeded to show reasons why a continuation should be granted. Decisions averse to that of Judge Reid had been made in this State and numerous ones in other States. The case was a very important one, involving a mooted question, about which there were adverse decisions.

After considerable converesation between him and Judge Keys about these decisions and their bearings, Mr. Zinn urged the court to consider the case.

Mr. Flinn—The case will be decided to-night; that is decided on. We have not been sitting here four or five hours to determine whether we will decide the case or not. It will be decided, and you may come up to it sideways, or square; or any way you please; you must come to it.

Mr. Zinn said he was not going to argue. He had made the request out of courtesy to a professional brother, and should not enter on the merits of the case. He doubted the power of the Court to deliver the boy into Slavery; it ought to go before a United States officer.

Judge Flinn—I do not wish to hear any arguments of that nature. If this Court makes a decision, it will see it carried out.

The counsel having nothing more to say,

Judge Flinn then said the case came before the Court on a writ of habeas corpus. Both parties had said they were ready, and he said if he commenced it, he should decide before adjournment. What was the case? The boy was taken on board the boat in Virginia, in custody of the agent, and the captain of the boat agrees to take him to Cairo. He further agrees, when he reaches Cincinnati, to land the boy at Covington. Arriving here, he found it impossible so to do, and he lands on the Ohio shore, the boat being about 40 feet from the line. By the advice of some passengers, the agent takes the boy on the Ohio shore, takes him to the ferry boat, and carries him to Covington; keeps him there over night; returns him to-day at the appointed hour for starting. When again on board the boat, the writ is served and the boy brought before the Court. The question is, does this particular landing give the boy his freedom? The authorities read by the counsel for the boy all related to States which had a local law on the subject, and on them the decision was based. We had no statute on the subject, and, of course, must not look to the decision of those States which had statutes on the subject. We do not sit here to make a new relation between these parties—we merely wish to inquire what the relation between them is. The case did not come within the acknowledged principle—that a voluntary bringing of a slave to a free State conferred freedom.

Lipsey, the agent, contrary to the command of the owner, had brought the slave here—would that have conferred freedom? Saffon, the Captain of the boat, had done so. Neither of these cases would have given him freedom—they would have been treated as a case of ordinary escape. The law was not a trap; it must be interpreted by the principles of common sense. The agent was compelled by the force of circumstances to bring the boy on to the Ohio shore—it was not a voluntary act. None of the cases read by counsel for the slave were analagous to this. We have a decision of our own Courts very analagous to it—the decision of Judge Reed, and by that the boy must be remanded to the care of the agent of his master. The arm of the law that brought him here is strong enough to take him back. There could be no doubt in this case. The order of the Court was, that he be remanded to the custody of the agent and placed on board the boat. An order to this effect was placed in the hand of the Sheriff. A bill of exceptions to the decision in the case of the child, and also in this case, was then filed by the counsel for the slaves. The Court adjourned, and the boy was conducted to the boat by the Sheriff.—*Cincinnati Gazette, 27th ult.*

SOUTHERN SLAVERY.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Tribune.

SIR: In the *Tribune* of Aug. 15 is a letter from Judge O'Neall, of South Carolina, complaining of certain "mistakes in Mrs. Stowe's Key to Uncle Tom," with regard to the negro laws of South Carolina. There may be errors in said Key, but as the said Judge invites Mrs. Stowe, and all who think as she does, to "come and see" that "generally "slaves at the South are treated with more kindness, "have more comforts and more money of their own "than the free servants at the North," I will present the following testimony of a friend, who *has been* there and seen.

It is in reply to a letter I addressed to him while in the South, inquiring whether there was a semblance of truth in Mrs. Stowe's portraiture of Negro Slavery.

Poughkeepsie, Aug. 23, 1853. J. L. H.

PINE WOODS, Randolph Co., Ga., June 19, 1853.

DEAR SIR: Such things as you speak of are too little thought of here to find their way into the papers, except incidentally. However, I can tell things that I have seen and heard.

On the 23d of April, 1852, a few days after my arrival in this State, it was my peculiar privilege to be riding in the stage with five or six ministers of the Gospel, who were on their way to attend a Baptist Convention. Their conversation turned on runaway negroes, and among the rest, of one known to one of the ministers, that eluded pursuit for some six months, but was finally tracked by dogs and run into the middle of a pond of water, when he turned and fought off the dogs. The men coming up, one of them shot him with a rifle, the ball passing through his head just back of his eyes, extinguishing his sight but not his life. The preachers seemed to think that the shooter had done a good deed.

June 7, 1852, I was on Red River, opposite Alexandria, in Louisiana. I saw a negro at the Alexandria shore in the water up to his neck, and a-ut Cuba in its present state of colonial dependency whole crowd of persons on the bank in chase, who succeeded in getting him out. Our boat afterwards landed there, when I learned that he had been shut up in jail for safe keeping, and had broken out, when a man shot him with a double-barrelled pistol in the neck, both balls taking effect. The man who shot him showed me the pistol, and told me the whole circumstance. It was thought the negro would die. I afterwards saw in the newspapers that he had made another attempt to escape, and succeeded.

October 15, 1852, at Fayette, in Missouri, a man who had been a long time overseer in the South told me that he never permitted the under overseers (these are employed on large plantations as drivers, and are negroes) to have wire crackers on THEIR whips, but in spite of his vigilance they would have them.

January 6, 1853, I stayed over night with a man in Leake County, Miss., who took great delight in hunting runaway negroes, and who had shot one down dead.

March 21, 1853, I was at Wabalck, Miss. A man was telling of having his saddle girth cut. He got his dogs, and put them on track, and followed to a negro dance, where they seized a negro by the throat, whom they took to his master to whip him. The owner contended that the dog-testimony was not evidence, and that the man should not be whipped on the strength of it. But his captor, who had two friends with him, told the owner if he wanted to see the negro whipped, to come with them, for they were determined to whip him. Accordingly, the three commenced whipping him by turns, till they had given him three hundred and ten lashes, when they stopped, satisfied. His owner then asked him, Did you cut it? Yes, Massa, I did. His owner then fell on him, and beat him, till they had to take him off.

May 16th, 1853. I was at Brooklyn, Miss., in company with three or four young men. They were talking of shooting negroes, and, among the rest, one who had been shot five times—three times by one of the young men's father.

May 23, 1853. I was at Prairie Bluff, Ala., in a store. A negro came in with his hand in a sling. He had been shot a few days before. He was paying attention to a mulatto girl with the consent of her mistress, but her master was opposed to it and shot him. The owner of the store and I were in the woods hunting that afternoon. Said he to me—"I am no Abolitionist, but yet right is right, and wrong "is wrong, and it is wrong to shoot a negro in that "way; but still, nobody here dare say anything "about it."

June 15, 1853, I was at Starksville, Ga. I was invited to go out on a negro hunt, but declined. The hunters came in about 2 P. M. They had caught their negro—or rather, the dogs had caught him for them. They let the dogs tear him some.

June 17, 1853. The man where I staid over night was telling me of a runaway negro that he caught with his dog. The dog downed him, and caught him by the throat.

But if I were to tell you all the instances that have come under my observation, it would take too long. Suffice it to say, that when a negro runs away, they hunt him with dogs and guns; if they can catch him without killing him, good—though they generally let the dogs punish him some, and they may give him a load of squirrel shot. If mild measures like these do not suffice, they try what virtue there is in harsher punishment.

May 9, 1853. I was on board a steamboat on the Alabama River. A man on board, who had been an overseer, was telling me of his management. He was at one time overseer for a man that would not have his negroes whipped. He (the overseer) ordered one of the slaves one day to do something, and accompanied the order with a threat. The negro slapped his back at him, when he drew a pistol loaded with shot and fired it into the negro, who fell, but finally recovered. The owner made a great fuss, but after a while conceded that the overseer was right.

Another overseer was telling me that he got along without whipping, but then he insisted that his negroes should be WELL FED AND CLOTHED.

A negro is up, and cooks or prepares his breakfast and eats it, and is in the field to work by the time he can see in the morning. He has five or ten minutes for his dinner at noon, and then works in the field till dark—then comes home, prepares his supper, and eats it and rolls himself up in his blanket about midnight, and is called up between 3 and 4 A. M., to commence another day's work. Some men will not allow their slaves to be pushed, but such men fall behind hand.

LETTER FROM KENTUCKY.

GLENVILLE, KY., Aug. 9, 1853.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ERA: When I first became a contributor to your paper I trembled for the success of an Anti-Slavery gospel in Kentucky. It is not yet a time for boasting, yet we now regard an Anti-Slavery gospel here as a fixed fact. We now have seven churches, organized upon the principle of no fellowship with slaveholding, dramselling, secret oath-bound societies, &c. These churches are small, but regularly increasing in numbers. Their influence upon the public mind is daily extending, and the area of their labours widening. Three colporteurs are in the field, distributing Anti-Slavery documents, Bibles to the slaves, and conversing with slaveholders and non-slaveholders upon the sinfulness of the system of Slavery, their duties to the slave and the Church of Christ.

I start to-morrow, God willing, to visit the churches in Madison and Rockcastle counties. Before going, I wish to commend to your readers the little work recently written by Mrs. Mary B. Harlan, entitled, "Ellen; or, The Chained Mother." Mrs. Harlan is a native of Kentucky, and previous to her marriage was a resident in this State; now she resides in Middletown, Ohio. Her book is written in an easy, pleasant style, and the narrative strikingly illustrates the sad consequences attendant upon the bankruptcies or death of those denominated "kind masters."

That which to me is passingly strange is, that the friends of humanity in the Methodist Episcopal Church, with all that has been written and spoken upon the subject of Slavery, still continue to fellowship in their church those who, of choice, and for profit or convenience, hold slaves, and who deliberately, in the most flagrant manner, violate the fundamental law of the gospel—the law of love. A church that will not fellowship *any known sin*, is a God-appointed and Heaven-approved institution; but one that deliberately and perseveringly fellowships what John Wesley styles "the sum of all villanies," or, as Dr. Elliott says, "double robbery," perverts the very *design* of a church, and thus far breaks down the distinction between it and the world.

Mrs. Baker narrates such facts as now exist, and are liable to exist, in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Many members in the free States seem not to know that there are several (some six or eight) Conferences which have more or less slaveholding members in them, and numbers, too, who hold slaves for "gain." Almost every week I pass the large mansion of a local preacher in that church, who not long since sold a brother preacher belonging to the same church—then a slave to him. True, he sold his brother to himself; but he let him go free only as the stipulated sum ($400, as stated by one who ought to know) was first secured by the surety of neighbours. Then he let him go to beg the sum from his (the slave's) abolition brethren. That preacher holds many more slaves. Does not that preacher hold slaves for "GAIN?"

I write these things for the eye, especially of Dr. Bond and Dr. Elliott. I will give names and places when either of these brethren wish them.

JOHN G. FEE.

THE CUBAN SLAVE TRADE.

From the London Times, of August 19.

Two documents of a very different character, though practically relating to the same subject, have been laid before Parliament just before the close of the present session. The one contains the correspondence between this country and the United States with a view to the maintenance of the Island of the Crown of Spain; the other is the report of the Select Committee appointed to consider the operation and result of our Slave-Trade Treaties with Spain and Portugal, which establishes, beyond all doubt, that the scandalous bad faith of the Spanish Government, and the unabated demand for African Slaves in Cuba, are now the only causes to prevent the entire success of our national exertions against that infamous traffic. The Committee deliberately report and affirm, as their opinion, that history does not record a more decided breach of national honour, than has been established in this case against Spain. Not only have we received from her the most solemn promises and engagements on this subject—the only return we asked for the services rendered by Great Britain in expelling a foreign invader from the Peninsula, and subsequently in assisting the present branch of the Royal family to occupy the constitutional throne—but these promises have been given in consideration of actual money payments. Since 1815, we have paid to Portugal a sum of £950,675, and to Spain a sum of £400,000 for their concurrence in this object; and, if the interest be reckoned on these sums, from the time of payment to the present day, it will amount to a collective sum of nearly four millions sterling. This vast expenditure does not include any part of the cost of the British squadron perpetually engaged in the attempt to compel the Spanish authorities in Cuba to perform their own engagements, and obey their own laws; for it is demonstrated, past all controversy, that the Spanish authorities in Cuba are now the sole cause of the continuance of the slave trade. After a long struggle Brazil has renounced the traffic. The importation of slaves into that country, which had exceeded 50,000 per annum in 1847, 1848 and 1849, had fallen to 790 in 1852; and of these the greater part were seized by the Government, and the Portuguese merchants who had attempted to import them were prosecuted and banished. We hope these circumstances will induce Parliament next session to repeal the act legalizing captures under the Brazilian flag, and that our relations with that empire will now be permanently placed on the most friendly footing. But this example strikes the more forcibly on the shameful contrast of Cuba. It is notorious that slave-trading vessels are fitted out there under the guns of Spanish men-of-war; that great facilities are afforded to the importation of negroes; and that, when once landed, all attempts to trace and liberate them are commonly defeated; and these abuses have increased precisely in proportion to the bribes accepted by the Cuban Government. Up to 1840 the Captain-General received half a dollar for every slave imported; but General O'DONNELL, in 1843, succeeded in raising his fee to three doubloons a head; and, with the exception of Gen CONCHA, who refused the bribe, the same blood money has since been levied by every Governor on the island. Nor does the crime stop here. The interests involved in this trade are mainly those of high and mighty personages at Madrid, who have power to obtain the recall of any honest officer, and who contrive to keep up all the horrors of this system to gratify their own avarice at the expense of humanity and of the national interest. We say of the national interest, because it is impossible not to feel that the failure of our disinterested exertions to engage Spain in a nobler and more enlightened course of policy has materially affected the concern we take in her welfare, and will one day contribute to sink her still lower in the scale of nations. We have lavished our blood and our money to make Spain independent and free; yet she basely repudiates her debt, and sinks under a tyranny as profligate as that of GODOY, and as arbitrary as that of FERDINAND VII. It is in reality against Spain herself that our cruisers are compelled to keep an incessant watch and warfare on the coast of Africa, and among the West Indian Isles. Our enemy is the slave-dealer, and the slave-dealer is not so much the wretch who captures the negro among the mango topes of Africa, or chains them hand and foot in the hold of his pestilential schooner, as the Captain-General, wearing the uniform of Spain, who prostitutes his office and his profession by the receipt of three doubloons for every victim, or as those male and female speculators in Madrid, who reap the largest profit from these crimes, and pursue their diabolical adventures under robes of state, and amid the splendour of a Court.

It is remarkable that, at the very time when these revolting practices are stigmatized as they deserve by a Committee of the British House of Commons, after a minute inquiry into the facts and evidence now laid before the world, we should also have official information of the exertions made by the British Government to preserve in Cuba the authority of that power which is convicted of these grave offences. The Marquis DE MIRAFLORES states, in his dispatch of the 30th of April, 1852, that "the Spanish Government appreciates, at its just value, this remarkable proof of our good will, and of our noble exertions in this matter; and expresses a hope that the negotiation then on foot will attain the desired end of consolidating for ever in Cuba its present prosperity and peace, sole conditions of assuring to Spain and her allies the only solid advantages from that valuable island." But, though we concur in the policy of endeavouring to obtain from the United States an act of renunciation of the views they may entertain on Cuba, in exchange for an absolute disclaimer of the designs falsely attributed to this country, we are consoled for the failure of that proposal by the reflection that its success would have secured to the Spanish agents in Cuba a longer and wider impunity for their crimes. Among "the solid advantages from that valuable island" which are enumerated by the Spanish Minister, we must presume that the Slave-Trade is the first, since it has devoured all the rest, and will one day cost Spain the possession itself. The Cabinet of Madrid professes its cordial gratitude for the support of England and France against the possibility of an attack from the United States. Yet it perseveres in a system which would fully warrant any steps the British Government might think fit to take, and which will go far to reconcile Europe to the cessation of a power whose chief profits from the finest colony in the world are still derived from the plunder and sale of man. We are still expending several hundred thousands a year to keep in check a trade which probably throws hardly more profits into the coffers of its guilty promoters than it costs us to thwart their operations. And for this miserable cause treaties are violated, laws are set at naught, public officers are bribed, and the respect we would fain entertain for a foreign state is destroyed! Within the last few weeks, some improvement is reported to have taken place, and the strong remonstrances of the British Government are said to have produced some effect on the Cuban Slave-Trade. But the root of the evil still remains in the corrupt administration of the island, and, now that the whole odium of the Slave-Trade is concentrated on this point, this country will be justified in taking such measures as may be required to bring the question to a less futile conclusion.

BRITISH SUBJECTS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

From the London Daily News.

THERE is a question which should be put to Lord Clarendon before the session closes. It is a question which has been asked of successive Ministers, and the time seems to be come for a final answer. We want to know more of what has been done, and what is to be done, about the treatment of British seamen in the port of Charleston, South Carolina. It is fourteen months since a question was asked of Lord Stanley, in the House, about the case of Manuel Pereira, who had been imprisoned at Charleston on account of his dark complexion. No doubt our readers remember the case, and that of Reuben Roberts, another British subject, treated in the same way; and that, while Louisiana so modified her laws and arrangements as to permit foreign seamen, of any colour, to be at liberty at New Orleans, South Carolina not only refused the same facility to trade, and the same protection to inoffensive conduct in her own ports, but bullied her sister State for rectifying her procedure in so important a matter. It will be remembered that the most eminent jurists in the United States have given their opinion that the procedure of South Carolina is unconstitutional, as it infringes the spirit of the treaty existing between the Federal Government of the United States and Great Britain. About the law of the case there seemed to be not the slightest doubt, anywhere out of South Carolina. The Federal Government took up the case against the State; and then the State Governor became profuse in his threats of what his State would do, to avenge her assaulted pride; and the reply in the English newspapers, and in Parliament, was, that the matter was now no dispute between Great Britain and South Carolina, but between the State and Federal Governments.

Thus the matter stood last Winter. Since that time Lord Clarendon has said, in his place in Parliament, that there is a proviso, attached to the treaty, whereby the several States have the power of—it is not clear what; but in some way nullifying the treaty within their own borders; that the Federal authorities assert the law of South Carolina under this proviso to be unconstitutional, as well as objectionable in every other way; but that the only effect of any further remonstrance on the part of Great Britain will be to compel the Government at Washington to give notice of the expiration of the treaty. The American papers are commenting largely on this affair, while the English seem to take no notice of it. The American papers affirm that our Consul at Charleston, whose conduct won high praise at the time for its spirit, firmness, and vigilance, is now censured at home, and declared to have acted against the wishes of his Government. We do not believe this; and we want an explanation. The Charleston papers announce that the British Minister at Washington has ordered the proceedings before the Courts to be discontinued, and the counsel paid off; and the New England papers declare a disbelief of this being the whole of the case, if true in any part. Their disbelief arises from two causes: from the fact that a notice was before Congress of a discussion of the question of the imprisonment of British seamen by South Carolina, and from the incredibleness of the supposition that the Government of Great Britain should at the same time boast of protecting the humblest British subject in any corner of the world, and submissively resign her seamen to be regularly incarcerated in a foreign port, on account of their complexion. To us this appears as incredible as it can possibly do to any foreigners—and for the honour of our name and nation, and for the sake of our liberties, we must have an explanation. The following paragraph, from a Charleston paper, shows the precise nature of the interest the Northern States have in our conduct in this serious business. It will be remembered that South Carolina claims a right to imprison, in like manner, coloured seamen coming from other States, in spite of that provision of the American Constitution, which opens the whole area of the United States to all citizens, as if it were the native State of each. The Charleston *Courier* now says: "We hail this pacific, friendly, and considerate course on the part of Great Britain as an augury of good; and as an example, it ought not to be lost on the people of our Northern and Western sister States. If Great Britain, in all the majesty of her power, and in all her Anti-Slavery feeling, yields to the necessity of our Police law, surely our sister States should not be behind her either in justice or in comity." Now, what is this "justice," and what this "comity?" Since we last remarked upon this subject, it has come out, that no less than twenty-seven (and how many more we know not) British subjects have been hauled through the streets of Charleston, for no offence but their colour. As for one of them, John Glasgow, his story is so dreadful, that, if it were known to all his fellow-subjects, the business would be settled in a trice, and the "majesty" of Great Britain would prove itself good for something more at Charleston than it appears to be at present. This poor fellow had married an English woman, and had a family at home. The ship in which he served touched at Charleston, and he was treated like Reuben Roberts and Pereira. His captain sailed without him; he was sold as a slave to pay his jail fees! For an account of his slavery in Georgia, we refer our readers to a late number of the *British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter*, where they will see at once what the lot of the American slave really is, and what is to be a subject of the British Government in all its "majesty," in case of being a "coloured man," and being carried to Charleston.

It is said, in a kind of whisper, that if we submit, and make no noise, South Carolina may perhaps impose some substitute for the imprisonment; may make some such arrangement as Louisiana has made. Her vituperation of Louisiana for that act does not look much like it. But if she does do it—if she institutes a passport system, or other such machinery, that is only a part of what we want and must have. We want a practical assertion of the safety of inoffensive British subjects in every country that is in alliance with us. We want it to be understood that we expect the Federal Government to be faithful to its treaty with us. We need not trouble ourselves to be vexed at the pertness of a little community which boasts that it holds the British empire and the liberties of its citizens at its mercy; but we feel it to be necessary, for the sake of other countries, and especially for the sake of the Free States of the Union, to have it proved that South Carolina is not to overbear the world, and place all its commerce under an intolerable condition, because she chooses to outrage its moral sense, and insult its principles of liberty by a "peculiar institution," which is reprobated by all civilized society.

Lord Clarendon should be asked how the matter now stands, and what is to come next? As for what has been done, or is said to have been done, a Pennsylvanian paper remarks, "The submission of such a power as Great Britain to injuries and insults so flagrant and repeated, after having commenced a course of protection and redress, must be humiliating indeed to Englishmen of spirit, while it will sorely disappoint the friends of freedom and justice on our shores, who have hoped to see the rights of coloured seamen vindicated by this trial."

THE CUBAN SLAVE TRADE.

From the London Daily News, August 17.

A LETTER recently appeared in our columns by which it appears that while we keep watch over the Slave-Trade on the seas surrounding Cuba, and bring the cargoes of the Traders before the Mixed Commission, intercepting the victims before they are carried to market, we do not follow up our work by looking to the subsequent fate of the helpless creatures we have rescued. The Mixed Commission consists of English and Spanish officers. It is no secret that the task of the English members of the Board is often an irksome, vexatious, and disheartening one, from the strong tendency in favour of Slavery which they have to encounter in their colleagues and in the authorities of the island. It is necessary that we should know, after the statement given by this Cuban gentleman at Washington, whether it is from want of knowledge, of vigilance, or of power that our agents in Cuba fail to protect the captives said to be released, but, as appears, not released at all.

The captives, when landed, are placed under the care of the Spanish authorities. Those authorities, we are told, put the *emancipados* into the barracoons, to remain in Slavery for ten and sometimes fifteen years, the price for which they are sold being eight doubloons, or about £28. What this sale means, we are not told. The answer to the question would probably be that the people are savages, and must be thus trained to labour and the routine of civilized life; and, again, that the expenses of their rescue must be repaid by their toil. But we know, not only by instinct, but by experience, that to make a man a slave, be he ever so rough and rude, is not the way to train him to industry and ability to take care of himself; and, again, the benefit of our intervention is almost wholly lost if we allow the enslavement, in any form, for any term, of those whom we profess to rescue; and, again, the sum of £28 for ten or fifteen years' service looks like nothing but a painful mockery. If each rescued negro must pay £30 or so for his redemption from the peril of enslavement, so be it; but let him be dealt with like any other labourer, and paid for the value of his work, with the deductions due for his state of unpreparedness.

But the worst remains. We are told that the captives scarcely ever recover their freedom. They are registered; and they are claimed under the register, at the expiration of their term; but they are very rarely redeemed. The claim is met by a certificate of death. If they are really dead, such a mortality indicates the necessity of an immediate change of plan. We are doing nothing for the objects of our care if we deliver them over to a fate which kills them all within ten or fifteen years, and before they have had a taste of liberty. But it is said the certificates of death are false. That is, if true, a fact which needs only to be known to be reformed. We English are better men of business than to be hoodwinked about the fate of anybody we have in charge, when once we know that watchfulness is required. We do not choose to be made fools of in such a way as that our Cuban arrangements shall go for nothing, and that we shall get nothing but ridicule for our pains. The statement is that the *emancipados* being ignorant savages, knowing no speech but that of their own tribe, are placed among slaves, living and working with them for ten or fifteen years, without any knowledge why they are where they are, or that they are there for a term, or that there is anybody to help them at the end of it; and that they live on thus, as a matter of course, while their protectors suppose them dead and buried. The women live on thus with their children, ignorant that their children are not legally slaves—ignorant that there is an escape for their little ones from the fate under which they themselves are groaning. The number of *emancipados* in Cuba, ten years ago, was, we are told, from fifteen to twenty thousand; and they have been increasing since, up to a recent date, as we have but too much reason to know. If the statement before us be true, our pretended assistance to this class is practically of no effect whatever. After all we have said and done, and paid for, the *emancipados* are Cuban slaves, just like any negroes that are born on the island.

Now, there must be an end of this—there must, because there may be. We have shown in our African settlements that we can aid, and civilize, and elevate this kind of human beings. The Americans of the free States, and we ourselves in Canada, have no difficulty of the sort to encounter—for the *emancipados* there are people who have freed themselves by faculties of their own. The man who, from the depths of a Louisiana swamp, has been trained from his childhood to worship the North Star as his guide, some day or other, to liberty, and who made it such a guide; and the woman who, in her hut in Carolina, has taught her children, through long years, how they must learn to dare and endure, in order to reach a free land, are not so helpless as to need any particular care from the whites about getting their bread. They have done and endured, in escaping, what few of us could dare do and endure; and they may very well be left to their own resources in a free land. It is on the coast of Africa that we have shown that we can do what is wanted for *emancipados* in their untrained state. The "captives" land in as helpless and reduced a condition as in Cuba. They need interpreters as much, and find as few. They are furnished with a yard and a quarter of calico, and are taught what clothing is. They are shown a lot of ground, and a tool or two is put into their hands, and they receive twopence a day for a few weeks, at the end of which time they need aid no longer. Some sleep away all their time, except the little that is necessary to obtain daily food. Others go into the mountains, and bring down a headload of coarse grass for the mews at Freetown. But many more, men and women, are seen coming to market with heavy calabashes, piled up with pines, oranges, melons, earth-nuts, and guaves; and these presently appear on Sundays—the men in European clothing of a tight fit, and the women in the much-prized muslin frocks and blue bead necklaces; and all with the heavy cotton umbrellas, with which they love to shade their complexions. They seem to be framed for barter. There is no human faculty, intellectual or moral, that they do not give evidence of in that business, and the result is in not a few cases such opulence as the well-known Mrs. Carew is the representative of. She, a helpless, lone, naked captive, was landed at Sierra Leone, dumb, for want of the presence of any of her t

to the end? It cannot be difficult to provide interpreters of every African dialect out of their own numbers; for all Africans love talk, and are quick in proportion in learning a new language. If the newly arrived were taught, through such interpreters, how long their apprenticeship should last, and to whom to apply when their term was up; and if agents were employed to go round periodically, register in hand, to see who was really dead, and how many free infants had been born, such abuses could hardly take place as this Washington letter exposes. The money needed must be much less than we now spend in consigning to perpetual Slavery the thousands whom we profess to rescue. And such an organization would give us much of the power we now want to intercept the enslavement which is the disgrace of the Spanish authorities, at Madrid and in Cuba. We now appear helpless, troublesome, and even ridiculous, in their eyes, by our struggle for the "captives," as they are landed from the slave-ship, unable as we have hitherto been to affect the destinies of the *emanipados*, after they have once passed the threshold of the barracoon. If we once extend our protecting care forward into their subsequent life, we shall not only bless that life, but render immeasurably more difficult the enslavement of multitudes more. We must look the case fairly in the face, see what can be done, and do it.

SLAVE TRADE TREATIES WITH SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

OFFICIAL PARLIEMENTARY REPORT.

The select Committee appointed to inquire into the treaties and engagements between Great Britain, Spain and Portugal, respecting the slave trade, and the sums allowed and paid by Great Britain to those governments for their assistance or concurrence to abolish that trade; also to inquire how far these stipulations have been carried out by the governments of Spain and Portugal; and were further empowered to report the evidence taken before them, and their observations, to the house; have completed the inquiry into the matters referred to them, and have unanimously agreed to the following report:

1. The attention of your Committee has been directed by the instruction of the House, chiefly to the state of the slave trade in the Brazils and in Cuba; in the colonial possessions of Portugal, Mozambique on the east, and Loanda and Angola on the west coast of Africa; and they have also briefly inquired into the state of the other parts of the west coast of Africa along the principal seats of the slave trade.

2. The great interest which the people of this country have taken in the abolition of the slave trade appears in the very voluminous details laid annually before Parliament since the year 1812; and the reports of both Houses of Parliament in the years 1849—50, have rendered it needless in the opinion of your Committee to pursue the inquiry beyond the last three years.

3 By these reports it appears that there were in 1849-50, twenty-four treaties in force between Great Britain and foreign civilized powers for the suppression of the slave trade; ten of which give the right of search and mixed courts, twelve the right of search and national tribunals, and two [with the United States and France] grant no right of search, but do contain a mutual obligation to maintain squadrons on the coast of Africa. There were also at that time forty-two treaties for the the suppression of the slave trade existing between Great Britain and native chiefs on the coast of Africa.

4. Since May, 1850, two treaties have been concluded with civilized governments, under which captured vessels are to be adjudicated upon by tribunals of their own countries; and twenty-three more treaties with native chiefs of Africa for the suppression of the slave trade.

5. These efforts in the cause of humanity, continued through so many years, must be considered as honourable to the nation, and the results afford a strong inducement to persevere until this iniquitous trade shall be entirely abolished.

6. It is gratifying to find that there is a different state of the slave trade on the West coast of Africa, and that it has been much reduced since 1848.

7. Commodore Sir Charles Hotham, the naval officer commanding on that coast, reported that from the 14th of October, 1847, to the 30th of June, 1848, being 8 months and 18 days, the squadron under his command had captured 65 slave vessels, amounting to 9,168 tuns, and contained 4,745 slaves; and that during the previous 12 months, 57 vessels and 4,822 slaves had been captured; while captain Seymour, R. N., of her Majesty's ship Firefly, the last officer from the west coast of Africa, states that the slave trade has entirely ceased in many places where the trade had formerly flourished; that in the years 1850-51, on the whole coast, not one vessel with slaves on board was captured; that a legitimate trade was springing up along the whole coast, in exports of the produce of the country; that he had lately counted at Benguela, [formerly a noted slave port,] as many as 14 merchant vessels at one time, all engaged in legitimate commerce; and that, in fact, "whenever the slave trade has ceased, commerce "is beginning."

8. It has been stated to the Committee, that if the demand for slaves at Cuba were to cease, the slave trade in Africa would also cease. And it appears that as soon as the market of the Brazils was closed, the slave trade on the west coast of Africa, south of the line, all but ceased; and Commander Bunce, of the Castor frigate, states that when the news of the new regulations at the Brazils arrived on the coast of Mozambique, the slave trade by the Portuguese also ceased; and the Spanish ships then took the slaves away for Cuba. Captain Seymour says, that if the market for slaves at Cuba were abolished, as in the Brazils, very few British ships of war would be required on the African coast—and those only for the protection of our commerce, which is now becoming very large

9. Your Committee concur in the opinion of these naval officers, that the slave trade would soon be extinct if the Cuban market for slaves were closed; and therefore, consider the present time, when there are Spanish troops at every port and station of the island, and also numerous Spanish ships of war cruising on the coast, most favourable for the renewal of the united efforts of Great Britain, France and the United States, to remove the reproach which the continuance of the slave trade in Cuba casts upon the civilization of Christendom.

10. The Committee of the Lords, in their report of 1850, stated that "The habitual disregard of treaties respecting the slave trade with this country on the part of Brazil, and to a great extent, also, on the part of Spain, appears to be the main hinderance to the suppression of the trade, and to this, therefore, especially, the attention of her Majesty's Ministers, and of the Parliament, should be directed;" and it appears that at that time the slave trade was carried on to a great extent. The evidence before the Committee proves that the importation of slaves into the Brazils in the year 1847, was 56,172; in 1848, 60,000; in 1849, 54,000; but that in 1851, it had diminished to 3,287; and in 1852, to 700, of which last importation a considerable portion had been seized by the Brazilian Government.

11. Mr. Consul Potter reported to Viscount Palmerston, in the year 1848, that 74 slave trade vessels had sailed from Bahia in the year 1847, and 93 vessels in 1848—that the slave traffic was carried on with great activity; and, as an example, he stated that one vessel, the Andorinha, of 80 tuns burden, which cost £2,000 sterling, made eight successive voyages with slaves from the West Coast of Africa, having actually landed at Bahia 3,392 slaves, and received for freight 120 reis per head, or £40,704 sterling, giving a profit of 800 per cent.

12. Mr. Potter also gave evidence before your Committee that toward the end of 1850, and in 1851, stringent orders had arrived at Bahia for the suppression of the trade, and that when he left Bahia in the end of 1851, "the slave trade was perfectly suppressed." He thinks that the British ships alone cannot stop the trade, but that if the Brazilian Government be sincere, it will certainly be put down.

13. Your Committee invite the attention of the House to the evidence of Senhor D'Andrada and others, and to the reports of the Brazilian Ministers, for an explanation of the manner in which so great a change has been effected in the Brazils.

14. The speech of the Emperor to the Assembly of this year, on the subject of the slave trade; the stringent laws have been passed, and others that are in progress, by the Brazilian Government against the slave trade; and, above all, the seizure and banishment of some Portuguese merchants who were suspected of an intention to renew trade, convince your Committee that the Brazilian Government is sincere, and that the slave trade is actually abolished in the Brazils.

15. Your Committee refer to the correspondence of the Earl of Aberdeen with the Brazilian Government in 1845, to explain the state of the slave question at that time, and the reasons that induced Parliament to pass the 8 and 9 Vic c. 122. The favourable change which has taken place in the counsels and conduct of the Brazilian Government respecting Slavery, whether accelerated by the active services of Capt. Schomberg or not, may induce Parliament to repeal that act, as intimated in his lordship's letter of the 2d July 1845.

16. As respects the slave trade of Spain: In 1848-9, when the Committee made their reports, Brazil was known to be carrying on an active slave trade by the large importation of slaves; but that trade was reported to have ceased in Cuba. Mr. Kennedy, the Commissary Judge at the Havana, in his yearly report on the 20th Dec., 1848, informs Lord Palmerston "that "the efforts of her Majesty's Government for the suppression of the slave trade to that island had been "attended with full success." "That he considered "himself competent to speak positively of Cuba, where "there seems to be decidedly a cessation of the slave "trade."

17. Mr. Crawford, the British Consul at the Havana, however, in his letter of the 8th of April, 1851, reports the renewal of the trade since 1848; and states, "That "negroes have been introduced as various places along "the coast of the island with the most perfect impunity, "and; there is too much reason to believe, with the "knowledge of the Spanish authorities, and with the "most public notoriety."

18. Your Committee request attention to the evidence of Capt. Cospatrick Baillie Hamilton, of her Majesty's ship Vestal, as to his late proceedings at the Havana, where he captured four vessels under circumstances which appear to have made a strong impression on the Spanish authorities there. He also reports the great publicity that exists as to the carrying on the slave trade in the island; that slave vessels have been fitted out under the guns of Spanish ships of war; that great facilities are afforded to the importation of negroes, as, when once a landing is effected, they are considered as natives; and that steam vessels, employed in carrying the Government mails from port to port, have been used to land slaves. He states further that the great number of American ships trading to the Havana, and the abuse of the American flag, increase the difficulties of her Majesty's cruisers on that station, in the visiting suspected vessels; and it appears, from his evidence, that some more cordial co-operation on the part of the United States would materially assist the efforts to abolish the slave trade in that quarter.

19. Mr. Kennedy's evidence before the Committee deserves particular attention, and will account fully for the alterations that have taken place in the slave trade of Cuba at different periods. The history given by him of seven successive Captains-General during the 18 years he resided at Havana has satisfied your Committee that the slave trade has increased or decreased in Cuba according to the conduct of the Captain-General and other public officers. It was notorious, Captain Kenneday states, that up to the year 1840 the Captain-General of Cuba received a fee of half a doubloon for every slave introduced into the island, and therefore the trade flourished; that during the two years and a half of General Valde's government from 1840-41 to 43, the fees had been refused by him, and the trade having at the same time been forbidden, had nearly ceased; but that from the arrival of General O'Donnell in 1844, the fee was raised to three doubloons for each slave imported, that the same fee has continued to be received since that time by some Captains-General, but not all. In 1850, General Concha was six or eight months there, and made known his determination not to accept any fees; and he also took active measures to put down the trade; but he was soon recalled, and it was generally understood that his recall was owing to the measures he had taken to put down the slave trade.

20. Other witnesses have stated to the Committee, that it was notorious at the Havana, that money was taken by the public officers of all ranks from the Captain-General downward, for their connivance at the traffic in slaves; and, further, that capital, notoriously belonging to Spaniards of great distinction at Madrid, was employed to carry on that traffic; that, in fact, the influence of these persons of rank and station at Madrid was believed to have been sufficiently powerful to procure the recall of an honest officer; that thus the Spanish Government have been induced to violate their treaties, and to suffer these persons to obtain large profits, by the continuance of that detestable traffic.

21. Your Committee refer to the evidence of Mr. Ward, of the Foreign office, and to the various documents presented by him for the dates and details of the treaties and correspondence that have engaged the attention of the British Government since the Convention signed at Vienna in 1815 for the abolition of the slave trade.

22. It is painful to have to refer to the conduct of Spain in violation of its treaties and obligations for the suppression of the slave trade; but your Committee must call the special attention of the House to the able and important dispatch of the Earl of Aberdeen to Mr. Bulwer, dated the 31st of December, 1843, in which all the treaties and stipulations of the Spanish Government to put down the slave trade since the treaty concluded in 1817, are detailed; the payment by Great Britain of a large sum to Spain, in full compensation for all losses, is also stated; and the whole of these shameful violations of the engagement of the Spanish Government, are most ably narrated in detail and placed in the strongest light before them.

23. Your Committee are of opinion that history does not record a more decided breach of national honour, than that letter of the Earl of Aberdeen establishes against Spain. The efforts of Viscount Palmerston in subsequent years to induce the Spanish Government to fulfill their engagements, appear in every dispatch of that noble Lord, and it would be superfluous to detail them; but the last correspondence in 1851, between Lord Howden and the Spanish Minister, requesting the Spanish government only to declare the slave trade to be piracy, as the United States and Brazilian Government have done, must not pass unnoticed. And as that single and moderate request of the British Goverment was disregarded, there is little hope that reason will prevail with the Spanish Government to abolish the trade; more especially if the correspondence since the 31st of July, 1853, of Lord John Russell and the Earl of Clarendon with Lord Howden, and the answers of the Count of Alcoy, the Spanish Minister, to these representations of the the British Government be considered. But it is only just to add, that Mr. Crawford, her Majesty's Consul General at the Havana, in his last dispatches, dated the 21st and 25th of June, 1853 reports "that there is a manifest difference in the "measures adopted by the Government of Cuba to "check the alarming extent of the slave trade."

24. The Committee of the Lords stated that, "in "their judgment, it was worthy of consideration "whether the great maratime powers, France, the "United States, and Great Britain, could not, at the "present time, be brought to combine in joint repre-"sentations, and, if need be, in active measures for ob-"taining from Spain and Brazil an actual suppression "of this traffic."

25. The Brazilian Government have rendered any such measure unnecessary, so far as regards Brazil; but as regards Cuba, it is a matter of great surprise, that while Spain at this time indebted to England and France for their efforts to form a tripartite convention with the United States, in order to protect Cuba from piratical attacks, the Government of Spain should not take warning from the facts, that one of the reasons alleged by the Government of the United States for not joining that convention, is the continuance of the slave trade in that island. Mr. Everett, in his letter, dated Washington, 1st of December, 1852, to Mr. Crampton, the British Minister at Washington, writes, "I will "but allude to an evil of the first magnitude, I mean "the African slave trade, in the suppression of which "England and France take a lively interest, an evil "which still forms a great reproach upon the civiliza-"tion of Christendom, and perpetuates the barbarism of "Africa; but for which, it is feared, there is no hope of "a complete remedy, while Cuba remains a Spanish "colony."

26. Commander Bunce, of the Castor Frigate, employed in the Mozambique channel for the last three years, states, that the Portuguese sovereignty extends for about 1,500 miles on the coast of Africa; that the slave trade had been carried on at several places on that coast by Brazilian ships, until news of the stringent laws passed by the Brazilian Government arrived; that since the Brazilian trade ceased, the Spaniards have carried on the trade in slaves for importation to Cuba. Slaves have been also sent to the north, to Zanzibar, from that coast. He believes that the Portuguese authorities are both cognizant of the slave trade, and enter into it themselves. He recommends a Consul or British Agent, to be appointed at Mozambique, to give information respecting the slave trade, which he thinks will continue while the market of Cuba is allowed to exist, and that the British cruisers have been useful and ought to be maintained there. There are other details in his evidence worthy of attention; and he adds, that more force of British cruisers will be required as long as the trade in slaves to Cuba shall continue.

27. Your Committee find that Great Britain agreed by treaty in 1815 to pay the sum of £601,771 7s. 9d., part of a loan raised in England for the service of Portugal, and to pay all future half yearly dividends accruing thereon. Also, in pursuance of a convention of January 15, Great Britain paid to Portugal the further sum of £348,904, which two sums amount to a principal of £950,675; and if the interest paid thereon be added, the total amount of £2,850,965 has been paid by Great Britain for the promised concurrence of Portutal in the abolition of the slave trade. By treaty with Spain, dated 23d of September, 1817, Great Britain paid in the year 1818 the sum of £400,000, and if the interest on that sum be added, the total charge to Great Britain will amount to £1,134,179, paid for the concurrence of Spain in the same object. Besides these payments on behalf of the governments of Portugal and Spain, parliament voted in the session of 1820, the sum of £150,000; and in the session of 1821, the sum of £75,000. Total, £225,000, to indemnify claimants for Portuguese vessels and cargoes captured by British cruisers.

28. Your Committee would further observe that these payments and liabilities on account of Portugal and Spain, amounting to £3,985,145, bear only a small proportion to the expense which Great Britain has incurred in the endeavour to suppress the Africrn slave trade within the last 38 years. To these payments and liabilities must be added the expense which has been incurred with the same view in maintaining ships of war on the coasts of Africa and America; an expense which would in great part have been avoided, if the slave trade had been abolished, as it might and ought to have been, by the cordial co-operation of the governments of Spain and Portugal.

August 12, 1853.

ALL, AT ONE FELL SWOOP.—We are informed of a singular mortality in the New Orleans associate office of the mercantile agency of Wm. Goodrich and Co., of this city. All the clerks died successively, and then the agent. The doors were locked up by the porter, a coloured man, who also died the day after he had telegraphed the state of things to the principal office.—*Philadelphia Register.*

Rev. Patrick Henry Greenleaf, lately Rector of St. Mark's, Boston, has accepted a call to the Rectorship of Christ Church, Madison, Indiana, and is expected in that city, with his family, early in September. A Parsonage purchased by the Vestry, is now in course of preparation. Mr. Greenleaf was formerly a lawyer of distinction, and is the son of the well-known Professor of Law in Harvard University.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

*** *All communications for the paper and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns should be addressed to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

†† *Donations to the Treasury of the* AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY *may be forwarded to* FRANCIS JACKSON, *Treasurer, at Boston; or to* SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, *New-York.*

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1853.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society appeal to all its members and friends, in every part of the Union, for aid to sustain their operations during the coming Autumn and Winter.

The field of our action is continually enlarging. The demand for the faithful preaching of Anti-Slavery principles is greater than we can meet. From Maine to Wisconsin, the call for those who can speak the words which will first awaken, and then purify and heal, this guilty land, is earnest and loud. What we can do, to answer this call, shall be done. We need not say that our ability, in this respect, will be in proportion to the self-sacrificing contributions of the individual members of the Society, and friends of the cause.

The Committee have already commenced operations for the season, in the Western States. Three of our truest friends and ablest speakers have already gone into that field—viz.: Parker Pillsbury, Stephen S. Foster, and Abby K. Foster. Mr. Garrison is contemplating a visit to Central New York, and to Michigan. Others will precede or follow him; and, joining with the speakers resident at the West, will, we hope, by the first of October, together constitute the largest and strongest corps of Anti-Slavery labourers which has been in the field for many years.

To carry on the work more particularly in the State of New York, and the States west of it, a generous friend of the cause in Boston has already pledged the sum of One Thousand Dollars. With this encouraging beginning, we appeal with the more confidence to our friends to come forward and sustain the special work. Let us take advantage of the aroused attention, and awakening conscience of the land, and publish the saving truths of uncompromising Anti-Slavery everywhere. It is the truth—and the truth alone—which shall make this people free. Fettered by no sect or party, we will proclaim it, as God shall give us strength.

We address ourselves to every Auxiliary Society—to every Anti-Slavery neighbourhood—to every true mind and heart. We have been blamed, by some of our friends, for so seldom calling upon the Abolitionists of the country for pecuniary aid. Certainly we have not pressed them with frequent demands. We have preferred to think that the eminent importance and sacredness of our cause would make all its friends prompt and unsolicited givers. But we feel that the *present* and the *future* demand of us greater efforts than we have ever put forth. It is not for us to tire of the work, and throw the burden upon other shoulders. Let *no one* look back, who has put his hand to the Anti-Slavery plough.

We earnestly ask immediate attention to this appeal. Donations of money, or pledges of sums to be paid at any time between this and the first of January next, should be sent to the Treasurer, FRANCIS JACKSON, Boston; or to the Assistant Treasurer, SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, 142 Nassau St., New York.

For the Executive Committee.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Rec. Secretary.*

Boston, August 29, 1853.

☞ Papers friendly to the American Anti-Slavery Society will confer a favour by publishing this Appeal.

We are a great Nation, undoubtedly. At any rate, we believe it, or pretend to. Perhaps, if we were quite certain of it, we should not keep bragging of it all the time as we do. But we are a great people, in certain particulars. We are great for clearing forests, raising corn, cotton and hogs, driving negroes, stealing land whenever we want it (or our masters do) and trying to frighten all creation into holding our own opinion of ourselves. And yet, somehow or another, we have not succeeded in convincing a very large proportion of creation of the fact, outside of our own fence. And why is this? Because, as we conceive, the particulars in which we are great are matters for which we deserve no especial credit. What greatness we have is of the sort Shakspeare says is sometimes forced upon men. With an unlimited supply of land and a strong determination not to starve, at any rate, and to get rich if we could, we could not help extending our borders and multiplying our products, until we had to pull down our old barns and build greater. Nobody supposes, we apprehend, that the American pioneers covered the West with corn and the South with Cotton, and the Ocean with Canvass and the streams with Mill-wheels, merely for the sake of the example, or of showing the superiority of Republican institutions. There is a great capacity for work in the Anglo-Saxon animal, when he is hungry. And it is not supereminent glory for him to get his fill, if he can. And this is about the substance of our National Glory.

When we came to organize Institutions and to build up Governments, we did nothing that the outside world recognised as entitling us to their admiration. We substituted an Elective President for a Hereditary King, and dispensed with an Hereditary Aristocracy (in name), to be sure. But, then, we could not have helped ourselves. We could no more have had a Monarchy and a titled nobility, under the circumstances of the country, than we could have had oranges and pine-apples in New Hampshire. The idea of a Balance of Powers was no invention of ours. It was the growth of ages of the hard experience of our English ancestors. The Trial by Jury and the Writ of Habeas Corpus were not the indigenous growth of the new Continent. We imported them from England, as we did the Common Law, and almost everything else that we have to boast of. All this is nothing to the disparagement of our ancestors. They could not have done better. They would have been fools, indeed, if they had thrown away their inheritance, because it came from a father with whom they had quarreled, and undertaken to invent something better of their own. But, then, it takes away any particular claim to self-complacency on our own part, or to admiration on the part of other nations. But we did one thing that was original—that had no type in the Institutions of the Mother Country at the time we set up for ourselves. We incorporated into our new polity an element which Old England had eliminated from her main trunk, though she still suffered from it in her remote extremities. We did what she had never done, and made property in human beings a governing element of political power—and thus gave the most influential *bonus* possible to its perpetuation.

The effects of this criminal attempt to purchase safety and peace for themselves at the cost of all the rights of great multitudes of their countrymen have been felt at every hour of our history, only growing stronger and more deadly as we grow older and stronger. And from the necessities which this anomalous political wickedness creates, arise the ridiculous predicaments in which our statesmen find themselves, and which put the country in such absurd attitudes before the world. The world beyond the ocean, it is most likely, do not see the springs which move the automatons, but their actions are none the less odd and culpable. Nor will their sense of them be any the less keen, though the character of it may be modified, when they cease to show, what we have slowly learned, that it is a chained and scourged slave that pulls the wires that make the puppets play such fantastical tricks before high Heaven. As long as these things are, all our strutting and all our braggadocia will not make us look large or important in the eyes of the world. Europe will persist in looking at us through the small end of the telescope, and thinking of us according to the show we thus make, as long as we continue to make Slavery the black thread of our National destinies. That it has been such from the beginning is plain to any intelligent and discerning eye. It is the clue that conducts us into all the darkest corners of our labyrinth and reveals the hideous consistency of the parts with the whole. To elucidate this, and to show how it explains all that is strange and grotesque in our actions and makes our whole history clear, is the task of the philosophical historian. To know and feel it is the necessity of those who keep a clear eye on the passing events of every year.

For example, Mr. Everett is one of the most industrious and able of our public men. In about four months he cleaned out the stable of our Godlike Augeus, at Washington, which it seemed as if nothing but turning the Niagara through it could purify. But though he could reduce into order in four months the chaos which the gigantic negligence of Mr. Webster had been confounding for more than two years, and though he has a singular gift of tongues and the highest intellectual culture of any of our public men, even he makes himself as a fool when he appears in the lists as the National Champion, with the world for spectators. Is a man ambitious of the highest political advancement, he is compelled to adopt the policy of those who hold that political advancement in their hands. Those men demand Cuba as a further vent for their slaves and as a security against the evil example of the possible humanity of Spain. He argues the matter with great ingenuity and skill, and says all that can be said, on the American side, in the best way in which it can be said. And yet Lord John Russell, in three or four sentences, strips his argument of all its plausibility and makes Mr. Everett, and the American nation which he represents, quite the jest of all "the rest of mankind." There has been nothing like it since Mr. Canning, in 1808, got the whip-hand of Mr. Pinkney (certainly as clever a man as Mr. Everett), and made the American people a laughing-stock to all Europe, who cared anything about the matter, in his famous letter to him on the Embargo. Queen Victoria's Foreign Secretary, we imagine, had much the same wicked enjoyment in the composition of his Despatch of the 16th of February, as that his great predecessor did on that memorable occasion. So the Chevalier Hulsemann had the same opportunity to turn Mr. Webster out "spoiled and ridiculous," had he had the talent and the inclination. Mr. Hildreth's *jeu d'esprit* contained the substance of such a reply, and the fact that it was extensively believed to be such in verity, shows that Mr. Webster was no stronger than Mr. Everett when he undertook to give his Government airs.

This state of things must endure as long as the cause exists. There is no absolute necessity of our public men having to look like fools, when they are not, except the inherent vice of their Government. They are not in a false position and required to make it look like a true one. And this is more than any man can do. It is not easy to be wiser than all the world, as the French proverb says. There is a well-written article in the last Putnam's Monthly, entitled "Our New President," which clearly shows up the state of our Domestic Affairs. But the author seems really to think that they could be otherwise, and to wonder that Mr. Pierce had not called to his councils the ablest men of the time, and initiated some new and broad system of policy. As if he could! or as if he were made President for any such thing! He, like every President, is Captain of the Prætorian Band that is to protect Slavery, the Power that made him and will unmake him, if he be not trustworthy. No, no! We may multiply our crops of corn and pork, and cotton, and negroes; but we can have no "men, high-minded men," in the high places, as long as we require them to pass through this fire to our Moloch. Our soil, while cursed with Slavery, can raise no such staple. Strong and brave men may be reared under our institutions, but it is by the discipline of conflict with them, and not by the administration of them.—E. Q.

INDEPENDENT DEMOCRATS OF NEW YORK.

The sifting process of the last Presidential election has left a *residuum* of, we trust, good wheat, out of the immense amount of chaff which called itself the Independent Democracy, five years ago, in this State. The party held its State Convention at Syracuse, on Wednesday of last week, and among its most prominent members we observe the names of men who have hitherto stood fire, and who may be relied upon as certain to remain at their guns till the end of the war.

John Jay, of this city, was President of the Convention, and among the speakers were John P. Hale, Gerrit Smith, and S. P. Chase. Frederick Douglass was also present, and addressed the Convention, but we notice that, notwithstanding his presence, the Syracuse *Daily Chronicle* alone was commended to the support of the party.

The resolutions of the meeting were as follows:

Whereas, The Independent Democracy of New York have on other occasions solemnly acknowledged the imperative political necessity which forced them to absolve their former political relations, and to plant themselves upon the platform of a new and permanent political party—a necessity founded in the general profligacy and moral debasement of existing parties, in their wanton abandonment of the cherished doctrines of the Fathers of the Republic; in their mad attempts to link inseparably the General Government to institutions opposed to its spirit and temper, made still more odious by the enactment of cruel and oppressive laws against a portion of the people equally entitled to protection with others; and finally, in the imposition of new and extraordinary tests of political standing, not known in any former history of parties, and repugnant alike to their sense of moral right and duty. And whereas, assembled again in annual State Convention, confirmed in their convictions of the rectitude of their past course, and of the measures they proposed, for which they are willing always to appeal to the judgment of an intelligent people (as they have solemnly appealed to the Great Ruler of Nations), be it therefore

Resolved, That the Independent Democratic Party is not organized for the purpose of a sectional warfare upon the constitutional rights or interests of any portion of the country—that we are warmly attached to the Union and the Constitution of the United States, and that our efforts for the restriction and final overthrow of Slavery are dictated by a sincere desire to place our country and its Constitution in such a position that we may, without the blush of shame, ask for them the blessings of Heaven and the support and sympathy of good men, and that in these efforts of ours, we intend to meet and discharge our constitutional duties and obligations.

Resolved, That the platform of principles adopted at the National Convention of the Independent Democracy, assembled at Buffalo in 1848, and again at Pittsburgh in 1852, continues to receive our unqualified approbation and support.

Resolved, That Liberty, to secure which to ourselves and our posterity, the Constitution was formed and adopted, is the great national interest, to maintain, defend and promote which, we may appeal to true-hearted men from every part of the country, that Slavery is local, sectional and temporary, having no valid sanction in human legislation, and that in seeking to protect our Government from being usurped, controlled and administered by the slave-holding interest, we are practically carrying out the advice of the Father of his Country, and adopting the only course which can be pursued to render our institutions of Government stable and perpetual.

Resolved, That we continue to regard the act of Congress known as the Fugitive Slave Law with the deepest abhorrence, and that our convictions that it is clearly beyond the pale of the Constitution, as it is beyond the sanctions of all rightful legislation, are convictions which we expressed at the period of its enactment, and which have been only strengthened by all subsequent reflections. That the time has now fully come when a decent respect to the opinions of a large and intelligent portion of our fellow-citizens demands of the Judiciary of the Government, that not only the question of the constitutionality of this law, but of the whole relation of the Federal Government to the institution of Slavery, be re-examined and settled, not upon the authority of precedent, but upon the original and fundamental principles of natural and constitutional law.

Resolved, That upon questions affecting the internal policy of this State, we continue to affirm the doctrine of previous conventions; and hence we maintain that a wise and true policy demands that the constant care of the State be directed to the passage of laws which shall secure equal rights and privileges to all its citizens, and the right of trial by Jury to all, without regard to colour or condition; to encourage the diffusion of general education among all the people; to promote the interests of agriculture; and especially by the establishment of schools and colleges devoted to agricultural science, and by encouraging the conversion of all leasehold estates into fee; to hasten a development of all the resources of the State by fostering a wise and prudent system of internal improvements. To provide for the preservation of the public morals and the right of each citizen to be secure from the vices of every other citizen, to reduce taxation and crime by proper and stringent legislation directed against the cause of taxation and crime; and finally to attach to the soil of the State those who may be born upon it by recognising, in all its policy, the high destiny to which a gracious Providence has manifestly invited it, by becoming the first among the States of the earth.

We could wish that the experiences and trials of the past had taught the Independent Democrats that the erection of a platform to which it would be more difficult to climb, and less easy to stand upon, and harder to get off of, than either that of Pittsburgh or Buffalo, would be the more likely to ensure the permanency and the reliability of the party, and make it something more than a sort of shifting adjustment to the political machinery, to be taken up or laid down at pleasure by unprincipled men, as it may suit their occasions. By the brief report of the meeting at Syracuse, it appears that a notion of this sort was entertained by a portion of the Convention, but the majority thought the Buffalo platform was good enough for their purposes. Mr. Hale is reported to have said "that since Mr. Webster indorsed the Buffalo platform as good Whig doctrine, and the Whigs shouted Amen, they ought to be held to it. He had no idea of giving recreant Barnburners, who helped to form that platform, any excuse for continuing their present course, such as they would seek to manufacture out of the proposed amendment (to strike out of the Resolutions all allusion to the Buffalo platform), if adopted." It might have been answered to him that the fact of Mr. Webster's indorsing that platform is reason enough for doubting its soundness, and that the better way of dealing with recreant Barnburners would be to form a new one which they would not venture to use and abuse. However, we may live in hopes of an advanced position, and in the meantime rejoice that the party is alive and determined to work after their fashion.

The Convention nominated the following ticket for the ensuing State election:

Secretary of State—CHARLES B. SEDGWICK, of Onondaga.
Controller—SETH M. GATES, of Wyoming.
Attorney-General—JOHN JAY, of New York.
Treasurer—NATHAN SOULE, of Onondaga.
Canal Commissioner—CHARLES G. CASE, of Oswego.
Prison Inspector—HORACE BOARDMAN, of Clinton.
State Engineer—SILAS CORNELL, of Monroe.
Judge of Appeals (full term)—LEONARD GIBBS, of Washington.
Judge of Appeals (short term)—EDWARD I. CHASE, of Niagara.
Clerk of Appeals—THOMAS G. FROST, of Oneida.

THE WHOLE WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

Our readers will naturally expect us to give some account of the great Temperance Convention held in Metropolitan Hall on Thursday and Friday of last week. The proceedings of a body composed, to so large an extent, of Abolitionists, could hardly fail to interest those of their associates who were unable to attend. The Abolitionists are, to a man, Teetotallers, and we should hardly exceed the truth in saying that they are the back-bone of the Temperance cause.

The Convention assembled at 10 o'clock, A. M., on Thursday. Not less than 1,000 people were present, among whom were some of the best public speakers, of both sexes, in the land. A glance at the assembly was sufficient to show that it was composed for the most part of intelligent, earnest, progressive, and courageous men and women, intent upon the achievement of a great and noble work; men and women who recognised the inherent nobility of the race, and who, disregarding all absurd conventionalities and all ideas of caste and sect, were determined to plant their feet upon the rock of PRINCIPLE and labour together fraternally to redeem the whole family of man from the curse of Intemperance.

The Convention was organized as follows:

President—THOMAS W. HIGGINSON, Mass.

Vice-Presidents—John Pierpont, Massachusetts; C. I. H. Nichols, Vermont; P. T. Barnum, Connecticut; Horace Greeley, New York; Asa Fairbanks, Rhode Island; Lucretia Mott, Pennsylvania; C. M. Severance, Ohio; H. W. Wolcott, New Jersey; John O. Wattles, Indiana; Edward Webb, Delaware, Richard B. Glazier, Michigan; Frances D. Gage, Missouri; S. M. Booth, Wisconsin; H. S. Tilton, Mississippi; O. C. Wheeler, California; T. Goldsmith, Canada; W. H. Ashurst, England; W. G. Hubbard, Illinois.

Secretaries—Susan B. Anthony, New York; C. B. Le Barron, New York; C. M. Burleigh, Pennsylvania; D. H. Vaughan, Rhode Island; Mary Jackson, England.

HORACE GREELEY was appointed Chairman of the Business Committee.

Letters of sympathy with the Convention and its objects were read from Neal Dow, Esq., Hon. Salmon P. Chase, Hon. Horace Mann, James Russell Lowell, Esq., James Haughton, Esq., of Dublin, Ireland, and Rev. E. H. Chapin. The Amphion Glee Club added greatly to the interest of the meeting by their music, and the well known vocalist, G. W. Clark, sang some of his best songs in his best manner.

And what shall we say of the speaking? We certainly cannot convey any adequate impression of its quality. To be appreciated it must have been heard. Here is a list of the speakers. C. C. Burleigh, Rev. Antoinette L. Brown, Horace Greeley, Mrs. Mary Jackson, of England, R. D. Glazier, P. T. Barnum, Lucy Stone, Eusebeus Barnard, Rev. W. H. Channing, Joseph A. Dugdale, Rev. Mr. Armstrong, Rev. D. S. Whitney, Mrs. C. I. H. Nichols, Mrs. Mary Vaughan, Mr. Wallesten, Rev. Mr. Ebaugh, Mr. Sabin, Dr. De Wolf, Miss Emily Clark, W. L. Garrison, Mrs. Gage, of St. Louis, S. M. Booth, Rev. John Pierpont, Lucretia Mott, Hon. John P. Hale, Col. E. L. Snow. That *all* these speakers distinguished themselves for eloquence we do not say; but they were all earnest, and some of them as nearly inspired as mortals ever are. We agree with the *Tribune* in saying that, "on the whole, it was the most spirited and able Convention in behalf of Temperance ever yet held." The same paper says:

The scarcity of white neck-cloths on its platform was so fully atoned for by the presence there of such champions of Reform and Humanity as Antoinette L. Brown, Lucy Stone, Mrs. Jackson, from England, Mrs. C. I. H. Nichols, Mrs. Frances D. Gage, &c., that, like the absence of wine from the festive board which is graced by Woman, it was the theme of no very general or profound regret.

The following are the resolutions adopted by the Convention:

RESOLUTIONS.

1. Resolved, That the cause of Total Abstinence from All that may Intoxicate—whether considered with regard to the magnitude and virulence of the evils it combats, to the good it has already achieved, to the work which it has still to do, or to the power of the selfish interests and depraved appetites which it combats and must vanquish—deserves the warmest sympathy and the most active, devoted support of every servant of God, every lover of Humanity.

2. Resolved, That it especially behooves the Christian Church, in all its divisions and denominations, as also every other religious organization, to co-operate with all its might in the great work of Temperance Reform, by the diffusion of light and truth with regard to the nature and effects of Alcoholic Liquors, by the enforcement of Total Abstinence as a part of its imperative discipline, and by the restraining of all whom it may influence, all who recognize its authority, from any participation in the guilty gains of the Liquor Traffic.

3. Resolved, That the manufacture and sale of Alcoholic Beverages, in view of the moral certainty that they will be used nine times in ten, to the injury, if not the ruin, of their consumers, is an immoral and destructive business, in which no one who recognises the obligation of Love to God and Man can henceforth engage without guilt; and we do most earnestly entreat those involved in it to ponder well their steps, and ask themselves this question—"Is the business of a distiller, a brewer, a rumseller, one wherein I ought to be willing to live and content to die?"

4. Resolved, That the State should be everywhere and to the extent of its ability a guardian of the weak, a protector of the assailed, an admonisher of the beguiled and tempted, among its citizens or subjects—that it should ever revere and conform to the Divinely-prescribed supplication, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil"—and that there is no position toward the Liquor Traffic which it can consistently and worthily maintain but that of declared and uncompromising hostility.

5. Resolved, That the fundamental, undeniable, scientifically demonstrated fact that *Alcohol is a poison*, of itself suffices to prove that it ought not to be presented in such forms and combinations as will tend to disguise its character and blind the uninformed to its baleful potency; but should always be sent forth from the drug-store and the chemical laboratory, where alone it should be sold, either pure and undiluted, or in such combinations as do not disguise its deadly properties and do not tempt a depraved appetite or a reckless desire for naval sensations; for, since Satan is only perilous to the peace and happiness of Eden when disguised, it is a crime to assist him in disguising himself.

6. Resolved, That we impeach the use of fermented or Alcoholic Wine in the solemn celebration of the Eucharist as a profane and impious desecration; since that which poisons and destroys men can be no true sym

is, we may hope, the promise of that which is to come, the book is a timely reminder of what manner of man he is who, if he lives, is destined, we firmly believe, to exercise a very marked influence upon our future history. We may say of him, as of some other men to whom we accord a degree of respect for their public course within the last twenty years, that we could wish he had done more; but we can also say of him, as we can of only one or two others beside, that he has done almost nothing which we could wish he had left undone. And this is no slight praise in these latter days of little great men, piddling and contemptible politicians, and pretended statesmen.

To the people of this State these volumes are especially of great interest, and we doubt if anywhere else her history for the last quarter of a century is so fully and clearly written.

In the recent notice of the celebration of West India Emancipation by the New York Anti-Slavery Society, I was somehow or other, made to say that Mr. Greeley, who failed to attend, was the "orator of the day," instead of Mr. Garrison, who stood in that relation. The error was not a very important one, but seeing that it was complained of in the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, in a tone which indicated that its editors entirely misinterpreted the spirit of my whole notice, I sent you a postscript correction last week. Not finding it attached to my letter, I presume it did not reach you in time. I take this occasion to repeat my effort at correction, and to add my assurances of kindliest sentiments towards all concerned in the Anti-Slavery co-laborations of the day.

So writes the New York correspondent of *The National Era*, upon whose letter describing the 1st of August celebration at Flushing, we ventured some good-natured comments in a late No. the *Standard*. We are glad to learn that the substitution of Mr. Greeley's name for Mr. Garrison's was a mistake, as it was not easy to account for it in any other way than as a wilful misrepresentation, or else a sort of carelessness about the meeting which seemed to show a want of sincere interest in its object, or a degree of prejudice towards its managers. It may, perhaps, too have led us to mistake the intent of the writer of the letter, though we intended to show, in a pleasant way, that his objections to the meeting were, if serious, very captious ones, and as we never had had any reasons to doubt before his kindly sentiments towards Abolitionists generally, so we rejoice to be assured that he still holds such sentiments.

Strong Language.—The Lowell (Mass.) *Courier* speaks of Mr. Choate's Eulogy upon Daniel Webster in terms which would be called blasphemous were they used of anybody else, and anywhere else in the world except Massachusetts. There, however, the language will be held as in nothing surprising except it be in its appropriateness, and such good Christian Whigs as the Lowell *Courier* man are expected to take immediate measures to have Mr. Choate's Eulogy bound up with their New Testaments.

The *Courier* says:

"Men may compare it (Choates eulogy on Webster) with the efforts of Demosthenes, of Cicero, of Chatham, and other great "stars" in oratory, if they will; in our opinion, all such comparisons are entirely foolish; for the great qualities of this splendid tribute are sought for in vain in all these. A speech by Fox, with his tears streaming from his eyes—a eulogy on Louis the Grand, by the eloquent Bossuet—or a divine meditation by the angelic Jeremy Taylor—these are the only efforts fit to be named with the one now on our table. Nay there is one other effort which may probably be named with this—*it is Jesus's address to his Disciples at his Last Supper!*"

☞ The Semi-World's Temperance Convention assembled at Metropolitan Hall on Tuesday Neal Now as President. Rev. Antoinette L. Brown having been accredited as a delegate, the Chair decided that, according to the terms of the call, she must be received. This caused great excitement. On Wednesday, when she rose to speak, the Chair decided that she was in order, and the decision was sustained by the Convention upon an appeal. But when she attempted to proceed, ruffians in black coats and white neck-cloths interrupted her with stamping, yelling, and other unseemly exhibitions, and the Convention was turned into a Bedlam. The end is not yet. Our readers may expect to hear the rest of the story next week.

☞ We are requested by Joseph Barker to say that his address for the future will be Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio.

ANTI-SLAVERY MEETINGS IN NEW YORK.

The New York Anti-Slavery Society, impressed with a conviction that the claims of our cause should in some way be presented before the thousands of strangers whom business or pleasure is bringing to the great Commercial Metropolis of the country during the present season, and taking advantage of the presence of several of the most distinguished champions of freedom, who came hither to attend the Whole World's Convention, held two meetings, on Sunday last in Metropolitan Hall. The Hall was under the Society's control for the day; but, in view of the general desire of our Anti-Slavery friends and of many others to hear a Sermon from Rev. Antoinette L. Brown, its use was courteously and gratuitously granted for that purpose at the usual hour of morning worship.

The first meeting called by the Society assembled at 3 o'clock, P. M. Notwithstanding the fatigue induced by attendance upon the intensely interesting sessions of the Whole World's Convention, and the unusual attractions offered by meetings in other places, and notwithstanding the charge of 12 1-2 cents for admission (which the state of the Society's treasury rendered necessary, in order to defray the heavy expenses of meeting in the splendid Metropolitan Hall), not less than 1,000 persons were present; and a more orderly, serious and attentive assemblage we have never anywhere seen. Probably one-half or more of the audience were visitors from various parts of the country—some from New England; many from the interior of our own State, not a few from the great West, and some at least from the South. Though in form a meeting of the City Anti-Slavery Society, it was virtually a National Anti-Slavery Convention. An ordinary eye might have read in the faces of those assembled, evidence of a deep interest in the great question of freedom and an intense anxiety to see and hear the faithful champions of the cause who had been advertised to speak.

The chair was occupied by Lauren Wetmore, Esq., the President of the Society, and the meeting was opened by the "Amphion Glee Club," who sang an appropriate and beautiful chant.

We compile, from the daily papers and from our own recollection, the following imperfect report of the speeches:

Mr. Garrison being introduced to the audience, came forward with a Bible in his hand, and said: The volume I hold in my hand is professedly regarded by the American people as transcending in value and importance all other books in the world; and yet I think there is no book so little understood—none so much perverted—as the Bible. Rightly interpreted, and rightly used, I know of no book so valuable in the cause of universal progress. I propose to read a short portion from Jeremiah, as eminently descriptive of our condition as a nation at the present time. I read it, not because it is in the Bible—not because the Anti-Slavery movement is dependent upon anything but itself and its own rectitude for the certainty of its own triumph ultimately—but because the portraiture of ourselves as a nation is so exact and so striking, that it would almost seem as if we had sat for the likeness, instead of another people. Mr. Garrison then read portions of the 5th and 7th chapters of Jeremiah, commencing—"Run ye to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem."

The President intimated that there was opportunity for vocal prayer. After a few moments of silence, no one offering to pray,

Elizabeth Paxson, a minister of the Society of Friends, from Bucks Co., Pa., came forward to speak a few words. She said: As it seems impracticable for me to remain long to mix and to mingle with this assembly of choice spirits that have been gathered in this place during the past week, and those who will probably meet together again in the coming week to discuss what we sometimes call the Woman's Rights question, I feel I must make a few remarks ere I take my departure from this place. It was mentioned on this platform, a few days ago, by a brother, that we ought to go nowhere where Christ could not or did not go with us. I am a firm believer in this doctrine. I want to carry it for a kind of pocket-piece, whether I go to Abolition meetings or anywhere else. She had attended the meetings held in this place during the last week, and was much gratified with the Christian spirit in which they were conducted. She believed that the persons concerned in getting up the meetings had right on their side. And now, in view of the uncertainty of life, and the probability that all who had met together in this house on the present occasion, and during the past week, may never be permitted to behold the face of one another in mutability, she felt constrained to leave, as it were, her blessing among the people. Verily there is a God, whose power is over all, and who ever did and ever will judge righteously on earth.

Mr. Charles C. Burleigh was next introduced to the audience. He spoke at considerable length and with great eloquence and effect. The following is a brief synopsis of his address:

He felt it a privilege to receive a blessing from one who was devoted to a holy and righteous cause, and believed that the earnest invocation which we had just heard would indeed call down Heaven's blessing upon our efforts, for our cause is the cause of God, and of God's persecuted children. We have not forgotten who it was who said, "inasmuch as ye have done" the offices of kindness "unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done them unto me."

He was glad to see so numerous an audience assembled this day, to unite in bearing a testimony for our cause, or, if any have not come with that design, at least to hear the words of truth and soberness which will be spoken on its behalf. He contended that this day was peculiarly appropriate for the advocacy of the principles of freedom and universal brotherhood. Granting all which is claimed for the Sabbath, allowing it all the sanctity ever ascribed to it, we still did not concede that its hours were too holy to be consumed in proclaiming our principles. No time was too holy for a work so divine. It was the work which Jesus announced himself as sent to do, when he applied to himself the prophet's words, The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord anointed me to proclaim glad tidings to the poor; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. Was not this the spirit of Christianity? Was not this the appropriate work of those who profess to believe the doctrines and revere the character, and who even adore the very name of Jesus? He came to preach glad tidings to the poor—the very poorest of the poor. And it was the duty of professing Christians to prove their faith, not by words merely, but by deeds. Profession was the poorest of all evidences which a disciple of Christ could give of the genuineness of his faith. There are those, as Jesus has told us, who will say Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, &c., to whom he will say depart from me, ye workers of iniquity. Christians then should exhibit their faith, not by profession merely, but by abstaining from works of iniquity. Nor this only. Christianity is not a negative, but a positive religion. It is eminently aggressive; "*Onward*" is the watchword with which it summons men and women to its service. Whenever wrong, selfishness—wickedness, in short, in any form—arrays itself against truth, and right, and goodness, it is the Christian's duty to assail it. He has no right to sit still. He is required to wear the helmet of salvation, and the breast plate of righteousness, and to bear the shield of faith, which can quench the fiery darts of the adversary; but why, if he may repose in his pavilion, or stand on the safely distant height which overlooks the battle-field, an idle spectator of the strife? Why? if not because he must stand where the blows fall thick and heavy, where the conflict is fiercest, and the hostile shafts come hurling down,

"no drizzling shower,
But rattling storm of arrows barbed with fire."

And this was the very doctrine which—theoretically—had been preached to us from our childhood. We have been taught that we must bear the cross, if we would wear the crown; that the way to heaven was "a straight and thorny way," beset with difficulties and with perils. We took our teachers at their word, and sought to carry out in practice the principles they inculcated. We say that when these great moral questions of the present age come before us, we must take hold of and examine them; thus endeavouring to "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." If the teachers of our youth will not advance with the age, if they are alarmed at the legitimate application of their own lessons, if they find that the seed they have sown is producing a harvest which they never expected and are unwilling to reap, let them stand aside, and give place, without murmuring, to those who will reap it.

Some seem to think that just so far as John Calvin, or Martin Luther, or John Wesley, or George Fox, or any other great reformers went, just so far it is right to go; but further progress is called innovation, revolution, agitation, sedition, insubordination, and many other hard names. They would have the horologue of Time fixed immoveably at the point where their hero left it. But if we would have our chronometers right, we must let them move on as time itself does. We must disregard these men who obey but the letter and not the spirit of their master's law. They can groan over the oppression of the Israelites, and denounce old Pharaoh because he would not let the people go; but they forget that Pharaoh has left successors, who still crush their helpless victims under a weight of a Slavery compared with which the bondage of the Israelites was liberty itself. Our duty is to apply, to-day and here, the principle which of old condemned the Egyptian tyrant; to say with faithful boldness to each of the Pharaohs before us, thou art the man on whom that ancient condemnation rests. He who now holds his brother man in bondage or, knowing him to be in bondage, helps not as he may in procuring his release, is the Pharaoh of to-day.

It is easy to condemn past oppressors, and to eulogize the reformers and philanthropits of former times, to glorify Luther and Calvin, Penn and Fox, Clarkson and Wilberforce; like those who more than eighteen hundred years ago could build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and say, if we had lived in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets; though all the while they were proving themselves the children of those who killed the prophets, children in spirit as well as in the flesh, in that they persecuted, stoned and crucified God's messengers in their own time. But Christ did not flatter their self-complacency. He told them plainly that upon them should come all the righteous blood from the murder of Abel to that of Zacharias. Does not the same spirit prevail now? The old reformers were praised, but those who sought to imitate them were persecuted.

Now, the Abolitionists believe that it is the wrong of to-day which they ought to condemn, the right of to-day which they ought to do. We believe we have a great work to perform, and that it must be performed at whatever risk to our own ease or interest. We are devotees of the "higher law," fanatical and treason able as it is to be such. We rely on the soundness of our principles, the truth of our doctrines, the justice of our cause, and not on our own strength or influence or reputation. We are plain men. We are not the great men of the land—the Clays and the Calhouns and the Websters, the Everetts and the Choates and the Lawrences; the men of wealth, and high standing in popular esteem; we are not prophets nor sons of prophets, but, like the herdsman of Tekoa, we have come up from our humble occupations in the toils of field and shop, to proclaim the truth which has been committed to us. We come in the spirit which befits a religious enterprise; we follow the example of the old champions of truth. We claim for our enterprise that it is an embodiment of the religious element, the Christian spirit, in just that form which Christ himself required; the form of practical righteousness, of active beneficence. We claim that now is the time to prove the sincerity of Christian profession by enlisting in it and labouring for its promotion. It will be an easy matter to plead for the Anti-Slavery cause when the popular voice is on its side; when an Abolitionist is in the Presidential chair, and no man can attain the high honours of the Church unless he is true to the spirit of that religion which proclaims deliverance to them that are bound; then, therefore, it will be no test of character. But when, in pleading that cause, a man incurs ridicule and obloquy, and the danger even of assault upon his person, then it gives some evidence of the sincerity of his conviction and the strength of his attachment to truth and right.

William Lloyd Garrison was next introduced, and received with demonstrations of applause. He said: My friends, it is now more than eighteen centuries since the angels sang the song of

"Glory to God in the highest;
On earth peace and good will to men."

From that time to the present hour, if not in the same form, still in the same words, have the Christian of all ages and nations proclaimed these glad tidings. What has been the result? What is the condition of Christendom at the present day? With the Christian religion for a faith; with Jesus Christ for a Redeemer; with the Holy Bible, proclaimed to be the word of God, what is the present condition of Christianity, with regard to the rights of men, bond and free, white and black? Look at Europe: what has the popular Christianity done for it? How does Russia look? What is the position of Austria? What is the condition of Italy? What is the aspect of Germany? What of France? Liberty driven into exile—the friends of liberty banished, or, if any remain upon the soil of Europe, they are there as dead men, in the presence of an overruling tyranny. They are without speech, without light. They must be mute. They must seem to be on the side of despotism, rather than against it, in order to preserve their existence. And what is our condition here in America? In Europe it is the Catholic faith that prevails, and therefore there is no liberty. What is the condition of the United States with the Protestant religion for their faith? How in regard to one-sixth portion of our immense population? Where are they to be found? I know where they would stand if they could be transported to Europe—yes, to Catholic Europe. I know that they would stand up upon that soil, at least recognised as human beings, and that not one of them would be deemed a marketable commodity. (applause). I know well that Austria, while she has her foot upon the neck of prostrate Hungary, while she exerts and carries out her terrible despotism, I know well that Austria has proclaimed that every chattel-slave in the world, the first moment that his foot touches the deck of an Austrian ship, or Austrian territory, shall be free, and regarded as a man among the human race (applause). What has our Protestant faith done for us as a nation? Where is our liberty of speech and the freedom of the press? Where is our right to assemble together, just where we choose, on the broad soil of our country? Turn your eyes south of Mason and Dixon's line, and what freedom of speech, and what right to assemble, have we there? What man, who has a conscience, can avow it, except at the peril of his life, in all the slave States of our country—where we have no Catholic but a Protestant faith, where we have, as we assert, the pure religion of Jesus Christ, as he exemplified it in the flesh, eighteen centuries ago? Where is there in this country a single man who can honestly say before God, "I am on this soil a free man;" not a free man by sufferance—not by toleration—not being allowed merely to exist—but a free man, recognised as such in his own nature, and everywhere safe under the star-spangled banner, and sheltered by the American Constitution (applause). There is not an intelligent man here who does not know that as respects the great slave system of our country, it is not a question to be argued at the South. The man who should dare to stand up there to vindicate the rights of the slaves would be certain to be hung on a lamp-post or upon the nearest tree.

To whom, then, are the oppressed to look for deliverance? What is the hope of Europe? Is any one so demented as to rely upon the Catholic Church of Europe, or the Catholic priesthood? Ask Mazzini, ask Kossuth, to whom they look for co-operation? Will either of these men tell you they look to the clergy or the Catholic Church as a matter of course? No; but they will tell you that it is the clergy and the Church of Europe who are combined to uphold despotism and keep down the millions in the dust that they may have no hope of liberty. Go where you will, you will invariably find that the popular church is against progress, against reform, and upon the side of the tyrant, while there is power; but when the rising spirit of liberty gains the mastery, they are sure to be found at that time on the popular side (loud applause). The American church is for the slave system. Thank God! our cause does not depend upon any body of men, nor upon any organized body of men, but it depends upon the truth lodged in the heart of any humble man or humble woman. I tell the slaveholder, I am against this oppression at all times, and under all circumstances. My opposition is not personal opposition. As a man, I love him just as much before God in my inmost soul as I love the slave, and I will do all that I can to save and bless him, but I will not love his oppression. I will not encourage his tyranny (loud applause).

We are worse than the Mohamedan; he does not dare enslave the person who embraces his religion. But in our country the value of a slave is enhanced if the auctioneer can say of him, "He is a Christian." A southern newspaper recently said, "The evil of religion is more than counter balanced by the enhanced value of the slave: a good sober and Christian nigger is worth from 10 to 20 per cent. more in the market." And this is the religion that is to free the slave! Who believes it? The clergy have, as a body, done their utmost to prevent the agitation of the Slavery question; but, thank God, we do not rely on the Church for the freedom of the slave; it is to the people we appeal; I appeal to you, as men, as Christians, to do all you can to banish the great evil of Slavery from the land. If you want to know why I have never discussed the question of, whether it is right for men, under certain circumstances, to hold slaves, I answer that the *people* settled that question long since, when they said "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, and that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" (loud applause).

And on the other hand, Christ has said, "Whatsoever ye would that others should do unto you, do ye also unto them." Before I can allow it to be a debateable question, they must put the Bible into the fire, and say there is no God; and *then* I will admit that the question is open to argument (cheers). It is self-evident that we are here, and a man is a man whatever the colour of his skin (cheers). He then proceeded to speak of the anomaly of slaveholders ranking their slaves as cattle, chattels, property! and yet denying them the privilege of the brute, whom they hold irresponsible for his acts. They hold this same chattel to be more than a man, to be almost a demi-god, if the penal statutes be any authority. They demand from it more intelligence than from the white man.

My friends, this great curse of Slavery should be sent to the bottomless pit, and I hope you will all strive to send it there (cheers). By the laws you must agree to send back the poor slave should he seek your Northern soil; yes, you must pursue him with fire and sword, even to the death. Such is your "Liberty!" I plainly tell the South that I won't submit to it. We cannot unite Christ and Belial. This Union must be dashed to pieces like a potter's vessel, or the slave power must be destroyed. My opposition to the slaveholder is not a personal opposition, for I would have him by ridding him of the damning sin that stains his soul; and he only is a true American who shall wage an uncompromising war against Slavery, till the day of jubilee shall come (applause).

Mr. Garrison introduced to the meeting Sojourner Truth, a woman who was born and held as a slave for many years in the State of New York. She said: My friends, I don't know how to express what feelings were excited in my heart as I sat down and listened to the eloquence of Mr. Burleigh and Mr. Garrison; and I thought, oh, God! is it come to this that I can sit down and hear such men advocate the right of my poor down-trodden race? Time has rolled on over my head, from one year to another, and a light has broke on me. Christ Jesus lighted up my mind, and I felt my soul filled with love. I began to love people, but I remembered the cruelty of Master and Missis, and I thought I never could love them. But there came more light, and I said, yes, God, I love everybody.

I was brought up in the State of New York among the Low Dutch. I could not speak English till I was 10 years old, and I can't read now, but I can feel! I can see back to the days of my childhood; then I thought I was a brute, for I heard people say that we were a species of monkeys or baboons; and as I had never seen any of those animals, I didn't know but what they were right. I remember my parents; my father died, and I think I can see my mother now as she stood many a night in the old apple orchard, under the open heaven, when the moon and stars were brightly shining. My poor mother would weep and say, in Dutch, "Oh! Got, mein Got," which means in English my God. "My poor children will be sold into Slavery." I did not know what that meant then, but I have learned since. My mother cried bitterly, and I took hold of the corner of her old apron, and wiped her eyes and asked what she cried for. She said, "My poor child, we are going to be sold, and we shan't see one another again; when you are away remember that I shall see the same moon and stars that you look at, and, when we die, we shall both go to heaven among them." I asked her who made them, and she told me God did, and that I must pray that he would make bad people good. I did pray, but the people didn't get any better, and so I prayed that he would kill them, for they seemed to die quicker than they got good. But, after years of suffering, I felt such a flow of love to everybody that I didn't pray to God to kill them any more. I can't say much, but I wanted to get up and tell you people that I am the last of my family. I have got a sister somewhere, if she is alive; but I don't know, it is so long since I saw her. I was a slave for forty years. I am about sixty years old, I suppose, for I have got a daughter forty years old. I have got a narrative of one part of my life, and I take that to support the other (laughter). A good lady wrote it for me, and so I managed to live. In conclusion, she hoped that good people would do all they could to ameliorate the condition of her race (cheers).

The afternoon meeting was closed by the singing of the piece, "The Earth is the Lord's," by the Amphions.

The evening meeting commenced at 7 1-2 o'clock, the audience being larger than in the afternoon.

Oliver Johnson, Corresponding Secretary of the New York Anti-Slavery Society, gave a brief account of the formation of that Society, and a statement of its principles and objects. He remarked that the American Society had recently published a pamphlet, containing its Constitution, the Declaration of Sentiments of the Convention of 1833, a speech by Mr. Garrison explanatory of the platform, and other valuable matter. At the conclusion of his remarks, Mr. Johnson read Whittier's stirring poem, "A Sabbath Scene." It was received with much applause, mingled with a few hisses.

The Amphions then came forward and sang an original song entitled "The Day Dawn."

Joseph A. Dugdale then offered a fervent prayer to God for the success of the cause, and for the preservation, in Christian humility and faithfulness, of its advocates.

Lucretia Mott, of Philadelphia, was next introduced. She commenced by reading extracts from the Declaration of Sentiments issued by the National Anti-Slavery Convention of 1833, wherein the principles and measures of the Abolitionists were clearly set forth. She showed how, from small beginnings, the American Society had risen to its present height. She showed that by women labouring in this cause the sphere of the sex had been enlarged. She showed what woman had done for the cause of the oppressed in other lands; and attributed the success of Wilberforce in part to his following the advice of a female friend. She said that the spirit of Jesus was a spirit of warfare which should lead us to speak with all boldness of the subject of Slavery. She proved this by quoting Christ's replies to the Scribes and Pharisees on several occasions. Once they watched to see if he would heal the lame on the Sabbath—as sectarians were now watching to see whether those possessed with his spirit would dare to lift up their voices in favour of the poor and oppressed. She concluded by urging the friends of freedom to go on with their divine work in the spirit of love, but firmly onward.

A drunken fellow, says the *Tribune*, who was evidently hired by the *manly* opponents of Human Rights, here mounted the platform, sat close to its edge, and otherwise attempted to disturb the speakers and to excite the laughter of the audience. He effected his purpose, for Mrs. Mott, with a manner which must have galled the slave-traders' friends, sat down and was warmly applauded.

Lucy Stone next took the platform. She was received in the most enthusiastic manner. Several minutes elapsed ere she could proceed, in consequence of the plaudits with which she was greeted. She never delivered a more eloquent address. Often did the rioters attempt to silence her; but their efforts were eminently unsuccessful. The late hour at which she concluded prevents us, says the *Tribune*, from giving other than the following brief sketch of her speech:

She began by narrating Milton's noble reply to the friend who asked what would compensate him for the loss of his sight, of which his assiduous study at his reply to Salmatius was depriving him: "To have lost it overplied in liberty's defence." If the condition of liberty in his age would warrant the loss of sight in its defence, in our times this cause would excuse and demand far greater sacrifices. As long as there was a city in the United States in which the narration of examples of intense human suffering from the cruelty of taskmasters was met, as in New York, with hisses and groans, it was our duty to sacrifice, not our sight merely, but, if necessary, our good name, and even our life, in disseminating the principles of freedom. She referred to the humiliating spectacle which our country presented to the gaze of the nations. We proclaimed the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence to be self-evident truths; we declared that all men were born with the inalienable right to liberty; we claimed to be a Christian nation, and professed that to do to others as we would that others should do unto us was a divine command, and yet one-sixth of our population were classed with oxen, horses and cows—were regarded as live stock.

She appealed to all earnest souls to labour in rescuing the principles of our fathers and the doctrines of Jesus from the grave in which cotton-politics and cotton-preaching were interring them. She referred to the case of Sims, and told with touching pathos an anecdote of a hunted slave whom she had educated. In doing so she alluded to the Fugitive Slave Law.

She said that it was a law so infamous that no language could describe its blackness. This remark created great confusion. There was a storm of hisses and of plaudits. Caring for neither, the noble woman proceeded, wittily remarking that it was no wonder that men should hiss so disgraceful a statute!

They had much to contend against. The press, the pulpit, and, until lately, our literature had been against them. There were noble exceptions. We had journals, and we had a few clergymen who were indifferent to popularity and to parish fees. By the exertions of Mrs. Stowe and Mr. Hildreth (great applause and hisses), literature was coming over to our cause, of whose success we have this assurance, that it is the cause of God and must prevail.

Slavery cursed us spiritually, morally, and materially. We were all out of pocket by the peculiar Institution of the South; we had to pay their debts, although a great many were ignorant of that fact. But it was of its demoralizing tendency that she purposed to speak. Slavery darkens our moral vision, confounds our sense of moral distinctions.

In New York city, in which there was a steeple in almost every street, it was not yet held as an incontrovertible truth that for a slaveholder to be a Christian was impossible; that the man who traded in human souls, and sold children by the pound, could not be the disciple of him who was called the Friend of Man. We would not sit at the communion table nor associate with a shop-lifter, a stealer of cotton; but a stealer of men we admitted to our firesides, and elected as an officer of our churches.

We deprive our brother of his rights, and yet say that we are Christians. This seemed to her a blasphemy of which an Atheist alone could be capable. An Atheist! She begged pardon; Atheists were not so bad as the majority of our Religionists were. She had known them open their hearts and houses to those whom professed Christians had spurned from their doors.

She effectively demolished the absurd argument, to the effect that slaves love their chains, and would not, if they could, be free.

Her peroration was very eloquent.

God's balance was hanging in the sky; in which scale would we throw our influence? On the slave's side was justice; the Omnipotent is just; let us array ourselves on his side. Commercial interests must give way; God and his cause must prevail.

[During the delivery of this portion of the speech, of which this is a brief abstract, several efforts were made to silence Miss Stone—but she calmly proceeded:]

Advocates of human rights would be heard. It was useless to attempt to silence them. If the foes of freedom clad themselves in adamant, the mildly-spoken truth would pierce through and disturb their rest.

Slavery must be abolished at any cost. If the Union could only be maintained by maintaining the Institution of Slavery, the Union must fall. We could have a Northern Republic (hisses). They need not hiss; she spoke the words of truth; their hisses would fall as harmless as did the bullets which struck Gibralter.

After making an eloquent and earnest appeal to the audience in favour of freedom, she resumed her seat.

Hon. Erastus D. Culver, of this city, formerly member of Congress from Washington County, having intimated a wish to make some statements respecting the Trainer case, also to express his high admiration of Mr. Garrison and his own willingness to co-operate with him and his friends for the overthrow of Slavery, was then introduced to the audience. A small company of rowdies, in the back part of the hall, inspired with zeal for the defence of the popular Church and of "our glorious Union," interrupted him with various cries and exclamations the moment he opened his mouth. The great body of the audience were evidently anxious to hear him, but the base tools of the slave power persisting in their interruptions, the friends of the Society concluded to adjourn and did so. Addresses had been expected from Rev. Antoinette Brown and Mr. Garrison, but it was not deemed best, in view of the fatigue of the speakers and of the audience, after the numerous meetings of the previous week, to persist in further speaking. The daily papers magnify this disturbance altogether beyond its importance. It proceeded from but few persons, while the great majority of the audience, having been deeply interested by what they had heard, greatly desired to hear more. The friends of the cause regard the meetings as eminently successful, and the disturbance as comparatively feeble and unimportant. A great amount of truth was eloquently and impressively presented, and we are sure that not a few, who had been deceived by a lying press and pulpit in regard to the principles and measures of the American Anti-Slavery Society and the character of its meetings, received impressions of a highly favourable character. Certainly everything that was said or done by the friends of the cause was calculated to make such an impression; and if the earnest attention and manifest sympathy of the greater portion of the audience may be regarded as any evidence of good effected, the friends of the cause have abundant reason to congratulate themselves upon the result. After the adjournment, hundreds lingered in the hall and around the platform, and many who disclaimed being Abolitionists were highly indignant in view of the rowdyism that had been exhibited by our opponents. The pamphlet explaining our principles and measures was in great demand. Nearly 1,000 copies were distributed, and yet we had not enough to supply those who eagerly desired to obtain them.

LETTER FROM MAINE.

Messrs. Editors: I think the following letter, which I have received from a young friend, a Student of Bowdoin College, who has been occupying a considerable portion of his vacation in Anti-Slavery labours in the State of Maine, will be acceptable to very many of your readers. His modesty leads him to request that his name should not be published. It is a name to which his father has given honour, and which we firmly believe will suffer no detriment in his hands.

Yours, truly, Samuel May, Jr.

27 Aug., 1853.

Dear Sir: In accordance with your request, I will give you some account of the condition of Anti-Slavery sentiment, as I have found it in my travels in Maine. I did not enter upon my work of lecturing so soon as I expected to when I saw you in Boston. I omitted no opportunity, however, of conversing with any whom I might meet upon the subject, and I think that I overcame the prejudice which existed against Mr. Garrison in several instances. The real Anti-Slavery feeling is still sadly wanting here. Few can be met with who do not deprecate Slavery, and wish it were done away; and then they complacently fold their hands, and join in the rank and file of old parties, and cling to "regular nominations." I was never so thoroughly out of patience with the Abolitionists of the "but" kind. They have met me at every turn, and have thrown cold water upon everything I could say and do. "*But*" Garrison don't believe in the Bible; "*but*" we don't like what they say about the Church; "*but*" he goes too far; "*but*" this, that, and the other, until they dwindle down, as old Dr. Beecher said of some men's souls, "to the little end of nothing whittled off."

At Bridgeton, where I first lectured, I met with a man of a different stamp, of whom you well know, Rev. Joseph P. Fessenden. His whole heart and soul are in the work; and his house and home are always open to any labourers in the cause. By his exertions he has succeeded in producing a strong public sentiment on the subject in his neighbourhood; but, as is natural with such men, the other Clergymen in his vicinity have withdrawn from all sympathy with him and refuse to exchange with him. He is faithfully unsparing of the pro-slavery Church. I spoke in his church to a large and attentive audience Sunday afternoon, and was followed by some remarks from him. I next lectured in a little village, several miles from there, to an audience chiefly of working men and women, who had heard and known but little of the cause. They gave me their strictest attention, and seemed to be somewhat waked up to the importance of the work. But you know well how hard it is to get the good seed sown in good ground, so that it may bring forth fruit. The Temperance question, which means the Maine Liquor Law, now absorbs a large share of the people's attention; and they neglect Anti-Slavery for that. The condition of political parties here may afford you some idea of how difficult it is to move the people. The present Whig Governor was chosen by a split in the Democratic party on the temperance question. At the Democratic Convention this year, the Anti-Maine Law men succeeded in getting the nominee, and the Whig Governor has given in his adhesion to the "law." Those of the Democratic party not utterly devoid of principle called a new Convention, and have nominated a strong man, on the temperance side. The Free Soilers had already made their nomination of E. Holmes, an excellent and able man, of the old Liberty party, and more fitted for the office than either of the others. Thus there are already four counter influences at work with the Maine Law as the centre of attraction; three of the candidates clinging to it, and the fourth "mum." Every one feels it important to sustain it, and there is reason to fear that the Free Soilers will lay aside, as they have often done before, their principles of liberty, and make the temperance question the issue.

I lectured in Norway last evening. The audience was small, but attentive, and seemed well disposed. I obtained a subscriber to the *Standard*. This morning I shall try again what I can do for gaining more subscribers to it. There is great need of more light upon the question now at issue between the American Anti-Slavery Society, and the Free-Soilers. Many do not understand it, some know nothing about it. They regard those who do not vote as no-government men, and as doing what they can to destroy the framework of society. To the triumph of such a cause as ours we may well look forward as the grandest victory ever achieved since the Christian era. I know nothing in the whole history of ancient and modern time to be compared with it. You know too well the objections which are constantly urged, and as constantly refuted, to need that I should specify any of the opposition I have met with. But I feel that it is from this very opposition that the main good is to come. It compels all of us to strict research, to careful argument, to closest adherence to principle—and when the end comes and the work is done, it will be a triumph of ideas—of principles—such as has never been known. Not until now did I realize the depths, if I may use the term in such a connection, of the superficiality of men on this question. The further you go, the more unsound and weak they are.

To-day I go to Paris, to-morrow to Harrison, and Monday evening to *North* Bridgeton.

There is need of more labour and more light. All the agents in the field might find occupation here for all their energies and talent. Work—work—work is all which can do the business for us—and we must consent "to labour and to wait."

Excuse the rambling character of this letter. I write in much haste and under great inconveniences.

OBITUARY.

Nicholas Hallock, late of Milton, Ulster County, died, at his residence, July 18th, 1853, a notice of which was published at the time. It may be interesting to his numerous acquaintances to know some incidents of his illness. His disease overcame his ability to do manual labour in early Spring, and, though at first not particularly alarming to his friends, gave sufficient warning to him to prepare for his exit. He did so, to an extent that but little remained beyond an adjustment of the expenses incident thereto. Upon all subjects connected with the present or future, he conversed with entire freedom, never betraying the slightest regret for things done, or fear for things to come. He rejoiced that he had lived honest to his convictions, and on this ground quailed not to meet its consequences. Of his own sufferings, he remarked that it must result from the violation of some natural law, but that, in the administration of that law, his ignorance of such violation was no shield from the penalty. To a company of his children he said, "You will not have me long, but in my place you will have the remembrance of a parent who never disgraced you."

To those who knew him intimately, it will be no new thing to say his life was the exemplification of a wish to be useful without ostentation; to root out error in opinion, by correct knowledge of facts. This characteristic predominated in death. He directed that his body be examined by his physicians, to ascertain his true disease; in his own words, "that Science might derive advantage, and his family satisfaction." He also desired its burial in a plain pine coffin, "as all expense beyond utility was of temporary gratification—to please the eye for a moment, and be consigned to earth, and seen no more." At his funeral, he desired it to be said, "I repent of no heresies." On several occasions he spoke of a firm confidence that all things were in the immutable Law of Cause and Effect, and that no adjustment of affairs could mete him out a condition above or below those laws. His departure was as peaceful as his sufferings had been dreadful. In the possession of an unclouded intellect, with no immediate previous indication, and while in a pleasant quietude, a stricture, as of apparent disturbed respiration, seized him. He looked up to his companion with pleasant countenance, uttered the words "I am a dead man," and breathed out his life. A smile lingered long on his features, even after he lay stiff in death.

A partial post mortem examination showed his leading difficulty to have been a disease of the heart.

The Fifth Worcester Anti-Slavery Bazaar

WILL BE HELD IN BRINLEY HALL!

Cattle Show Week, September, 1853.

We would earnestly invite all who have each year co-operated with us to the renewed effort in the great cause of humanity, and the hitherto indifferent to a more faithful investigation of its claims. None can remain passive in this matter. Every day we are called to make our election between apparent self-interest and the slave's interest—between love of the world's good opinion and hatred of oppression. So long as the great wrong continues, so long are we all helping others to forget its iniquity, to tolerate its cruelty, or helping them to feel its sin, and to undo its heavy burthen. Fairs are not merely available for the raising of funds, but as a means of awakening public attention, as meetings for the dissemination of Anti-Slavery truth, and the discussion of Anti-Slavery principles, they have proved most valuable and efficient. We ask, then, aid from all who themselves love "life, liberty, and happiness," and who would help their brothers to the same birthright. We would send our appeal throughout the country to all our faithful fellow-labourers, reminding them that contributions of Needlework, of useful and fancy articles, will be gladly received. The Refreshment Table must depend, as formerly, upon donations, which we hope will be various and abundant.

Sarah H. Earle, Emily Sargent, Lucy Chase, Hannah Rice, Adeline H. Howland, Eliza N. Stowell, Olive Loveland, Hannah M. Rogers, Sarah L. Butman, Abby W. Wyman, Mary Channing Higginson, *Worcester;* Sarah R. Mary, *Leicester;* Emma W. Wyman, *Dedham;* Mary E. Hodges, *Barre;* Frances H. Drake, *Leominster;* Polly D. Bradish, *Upton;* Catherine S. Brown, *Hubbardston;* Maria P. Fairbanks, *Millville;* Nancy B. Hill, *Blackstone;* Abby B. Hussey, *Lancaster;* Louisa F. Hall, *Upton;* Susan B. Everett, Eliza Howe, *Princeton.*

Worcester Anti-Slavery Bazaar will open on TUESDAY, Sept. 20, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and will continue open until Saturday 24th, that being the week of the annual Horticultural and Agricultural Shows. There will be *speaking* at the Bazaar on each evening after the first, in which Mr. Garrison, Rev. A. T. Foss, and others, are expected to take a part.

Seward's Works.

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NOTICES OF THE PRESS.

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Miscellaneous Department.

THE ISLINGTON MARTYRS.

On May-day in the year 1558, when Queen Mary occupied the throne of England, and Bishop Bonner presided over the diocese of London, certain pious persons, to the number of forty men and women, met together in a back close or field, near a wood, in the town of Islington. They assembled in this sequestered spot, to avoid giving offence to the magistrates; the object being, to read the Bible and worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences—priviliges which the law *then* denied them to exercise. The Islington of these days was a pretty little village surrounded by fields and sprinkled with gardens, "wherein," as the historian tells us, "were built many fair summer-houses, some of them with towers, turrets, and chimney tops; not so much for use or profit, as for show or pleasure." On the return of spring, the Londoners loved to ramble amid the rural scenes of Islington, and to drink the balmy breezes, which, in those days, swept over the town from the Highgate and Hampstead hills, without interruption. In the month of May, many a light-hearted group of citizens might be seen bending their course towards that rural village, to gather branches of trees and flowers, for their own little gardens at home; for such places as *Goswellstreet* had, in those days, its alleys, banqueting-houses and bowling-greens, with little gardens attached to the houses. And on May-day, the richly garnished May-pole was duly erected on the green-grass at Islington, where youths and maidens gathered around it, to celebrate their ancient festivities.

But it was for a far different purpose that the company before spoken of had assembled in that back close. They were sitting there together, for prayer, and solemnly occupied in meditation. They were *earnest* souls, recently emancipated from the bondage of Popery—a band of worshippers tired of the idolatry and formalism of the popish church, and convinced that they who worship the Father must worship Him in spirit and in truth—a band of enquirers weary of the mental slavery of Rome, and thirsting for a full acquaintance with the Book that God has given them; but which the rulers had hitherto withheld from the people on pain of the most severe punishment. The parties who met in the woods of Islington to feed upon the truth, assembled there from necessity, not from choice; they were under the ban of persecution. Their faith exposed them to the charge of heresy, and their worship to the charge of schism. So numerous had been the recent examples of burning people to death for such reputed crimes, that they were well aware of the peril they incurred; and yet they dared to meet, fearing God more than man. John Rough, formerly one of the black friars at Stirling in Scotland, and the friend of the young John Knox, used frequently to preach to these isolated congregations, of which there were many others besides this at Islington. Rough had been preaching at the Saracen's Head at Islington to a congregation assembled there on a Sabbath morning in December, when he was apprehended; here, on this spot, he had seen four Protestant martyrs burnt; and here, he said, he had learned the way to die. When the guards appeared, they seized him and another, and led them away to the council, and at length he was condemned to death. "Stand constant to the end," said he to his flock, "then shall ye possess your souls. Salute one another in my name, I go before. The Spirit of God guide you in and out, rising and sitting, cover you with the shadow of his wing, defend you against the tyranny of the wicked, and bring you happily to the port of eternal felicity, where all tears shall be wiped from your eyes and you shall always abide with the Lamb." On the 21st of December he was burnt in Smithfield!

Now let us turn again to the forty pious persons whom we left in a close at Islington, engaged in their religious exercises. They had not been there long, when the sound of footsteps startled them, and a suspicious looking person leaning over the hedge accosted them with "good morning!" "Can you tells us" (asks one of the company) "whose close is this, and whether we may be so bold as to sit here?" "Yes," replied he, "you seem to be such persons as mean no harm," and immediately he left them with hearts palpitating between hope and fear. In a quarter of an hour afterwards, a constable made his appearance with six or seven armed men. The officer advances into the circle of these inoffensive people, and demands their books, which they forthwith deliver to him; he then arrested them in the Queen's name as his prisoners. They meekly reply, "We are obedient, and ready to go with you." Immediately they are conducted to a brewhouse not far off, and a messenger is dispatched for a neighbouring justice, but he not being within, they are taken to Sir Roger Chomly, one of the Queen's commissioners and a judge. *Twenty-seven* are arraigned before him, the rest having happily escaped on their way. Out of this twenty-seven, twenty-two were sent to Newgate to await their trial.

About seven weeks passed before any of them were examined, and, during that period, two of them were released from their sufferings by the hand of death. Of the remaining twenty, only seven escaped with their lives, and some of these not without cruel scourging. In an old wood-cut of Fox's Book of Martyrs, is the representation of some of these worthy persons being cruelly tortured by Bishop Bonner's orders in his garden at Fulham. At this place, he kept several accused persons locked up in his coal-house, until it suited his pleasure to condemn them to be tortured, by scourging or burning.

On the 17th of June, Bishop Bonner held his Ecclesiastical Court, at which *seven* of the Islington prisoners were arraigned before him. They were charged with neglecting to go to church; to attend mass and other religious rites and ceremonies, and had used King Edward's Book of Common Prayer, and had gone in the time of divine service, into the fields and other profane places to read English psalms and certain English books. To these charges they pleaded guilty. They were examined separately, and required to reconcile themselves to the Romish church, but which they all refused to do, and were consequently consigned over to the civil magistrate to be executed at the stake. One of these martyrs was Roger Holland, a merchant tailor of London. Before his apprehension at Islington, he had his first born child christened in his own house, that the priests should not have it. For these crimes his goods were seized and confiscated and his wife cruelly used. The examination at the trial of this remarkable man is deeply interesting. His Protestantism was as intellegent as it was firm, and he proved himself a theological antagonist, such as Bonner found easier to answer by firebrands than by arguments. When he had witnessed a good confession: before his accuser and judges, the doom of this faithful martyr was sealed, and he, together with his six companions, were adjudged to death.

The 27th of June was fixed for their execution. That morning, crowds of people might be seen gathering in Smithfield to gaze on a spectacle with which many of them had become sadly familiar. In an open space in the midst stood the murderous pile with a large supply of faggots, surrounded by barriers and officers to keep of the concourse of spectators. Some of the Queen's officers pass through the crowd, and close to the stake they repeat a proclamation, forbidding any of the people, under pain of imprisonment, to speak a word to the forthcoming martyrs. At length the procession moves from the Gate-house; the seven witnesses for the truth are seen emerging from their prison, attended by soldiers fully armed. On their approaching Smithfield, the members of the little church were uniting to do them honour; and, despite the royal proclamation, and the attempt of the officers to keep them back, they rush to their brethren, and affectionately embracing them, bring them in their arms to the place where they are to suffer. The proclamation forbidding any expression of sympathy is again read, and a dead silence reigns whilst the faggots are kindling, when a loud voice from the crowd is heard. "We know that they are the people of God, and therefore we cannot choose but wish well to them and say, 'God strengthen them! Almighty God for Christ's sake strengthen them!'" A sound, deep, solemn, sublime (like the sound of many waters), now rolls along, the multitude echoing "Amen!"—"Amen!"—"Amen!" The officers were astounded and abashed, and the martyrs gathered strength. They lifted up their eyes to Heaven, as Roger Holland prayed thus: "Lord, I most humbly thank thy majesty that thou hast called me from this state of death, unto the light of thy heavenly word; and now, into the fellowship of thy saints, that I may sing and say, Holy—holy—holy Lord God of Hosts!—Lord into thy hands I commend my spirit! Lord bless them, thy people, and save them from idolatry."

They were the last who suffered at Smithfield. Six more of the party apprehended at Islington were burned at Brentford on the 13th of July. In reviewing this horrid picture, so revolting to our common humanity, one feeling must clothe the minds of all who hear it: a feeling of reverent thankfulness to Him whose voice is mightier than the voice of many waters, who stays the raging of the sea and circumscribes the bounds beyond which it cannot pass; that He, in His mercy, has stayed the hand of the oppressor, so that in these favoured times every man may worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience; nay more, even that religion which condemned our Protestant forefathers to a horrible death, even that religion under the mild form of a Christian Government are allowed the liberty which they forbade to others, and may follow the devices of their own hearts without let or hindrance; thus rendering them good for evil!—*London Friend.*

LETTERS FROM THE COUNTRY.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

We were last standing at the upper part of Sage's Ravine with some forty trout in our basket, when the time was up, the mail must go, the article must be cut short, and all the best part of it, that for which all the rest was but a preparation, must be left unwritten. There is no use in trying to regain it. The same vision never comes twice to the eye of the pen. If you scare it away, you might as well fish for a trout after he has seen you, and darted under a stone or beneath his overhanging bank or root. But trouting in a mountain brook is an experience of life so distinct from every other, that every man should enjoy it once at least. That being denied to most, the next best that I can do for you, reader, is to describe it. So, then, come on.

We have a rod made for the purpose, six feet long, only two joints, and a reel. We will walk up the mountain road, listening as we go to the roar of the brook on the left. In about a mile the road crosses it, and begins to lift itself up along the mountain side, leaving the stream at every step lower down on your right. You no more see it flashing through the leaves; but its softened rush is audible at any moment you may choose to pause and listen.

We will put into it just below a smart foamy fall. We have on cow-hide shoes, and other rig suitable. Selecting an entrance, we step in, and the swift stream attacks our legs with immense earnestness, threatening at first to take us off from them. A few minutes will settle all that, and make us quite at home. The bottom of the brook is not sand or gravel, but rocks, of every shape, every position, of all sizes, bare or moss-covered; the stream goes over them at the rate of ten miles an hour. The descent is great. At every few rods cascades break over ledges, and boil up in miniature pools below. The trees on either side shut out all direct rays of the sun, and for the most part the bushes line the banks so closely, and cast their arms over so widely, as to create a twilight—not a gray twilight, as of light losing its lustre, but a transparent black twilight, which softens nothing, but gives more ruggedness to the rocks, and a sombre aspect even to the shrubs and fairest flowers. It is a great matter to take a trout early in your trial. It gives one more heart. It serves to keep one about his business. Otherwise you are apt to fall off into unprofitable reverie; you wake up and find yourself standing in a dream, half-seeing, half-imagining, under some covert of overarching branches, where the stream flows black and broad among the rocks whose moss is green above the water, and dark below it.

But let us begin. Standing in the middle of the stream, your short rod in hand, let out twelve to twenty feet of line, varying its length according to the nature of the stream, and, as far as it can be done, keeping its position and general conduct under anxious scrutiny. Just here the water is mid-leg deep. Experimenting at each forward reach for a firm foot-hold, slipping, stumbling over some uncouth stone, slipping on the moss of another, reeling and staggering, you will have a fine opportunity of testing the old philosophical dictum, that you can think of but one thing at a time. You *must* think of half a dozen; of your feet, or you will be sprawling in the brook; of your eyes and face, or the branches will scratch them; of your line, or it will tangle at every step; of your far-distant hook and dimly-seen bait, or you will lose the end of all your fishing. At first it is a puzzling business. A little practice sets things all right.

Do you see that reach of shallow water gathered to a head by a cross-bar of sunken rocks? The water splits in going over upon a slab of rock below, and forms an eddy to the right and one to the left. Let us try a grasshopper there. Casting it in above, and guiding it by a motion of your rod, over it goes, and whirls out of the myriad bubbles into the edge of the eddy, when quick as a wink, the water breaks open, a tail flashes in the air and disappears, but re-appears to the instant backward motion of your hand, and the victim comes skittering up the stream, whirling over and over, till your hand grasps him, extricates the hook, and slips him into the basket. Poor fellow! you *want* to be sorry for him, but every time you try you are glad instead. Standing still, you bait again, and try the other side of the stream, where the water, wiping off the bubbles from its face, is taking toward that deep spot under a side rock. There! you've got him! Still tempting these two shores, you take five in all, and then the tribes below grow cautious. Letting your line run before you, you wade along, holding on by this branch, fumbling with your feet along the jagged channel, changing hands to a bough on the left side, leaning on that rock, stepping over that stranded log. Ripping a generous hole in your shirt as you leave it, you come to the edge of the petty-fall. You step down, thinking only how to keep your balance, and not at all of the probable depth of water, till you splash and plunge down into a basin waist-deep. The first sensations of a man up to his vest pockets in water are peculiarly foolish, and his first laugh rather faint; and he is afterward a little ashamed of the alacrity with which he scrambles for the bank. A step or two brings him to a sand-bank and to himself. But while you are in a scrape at one end of your line, a trout has got into a worse one at the other. A little flurried with surprise at both experiences, you come near losing him in the injudicious haste with which you overhaul him.

But see what a stately aster has ventured in hither. In these black shades, through which the sun seldom penetrates there is yet the light of flowers. What place is so dark that there is no light, if you only wait till the eye is used to its minute quantity; and what place is so rugged and so homely that there is no beauty, if you only have a sensibility to beauty. But by this flower, and by more which I dimly see through the bushes, and lower down, I judge that the forest is thin, and that we are coming to a more open space. The stream sweeps grandly about an angle, and we open upon a bright, half-sunlighted reach of water. You emerge from a long shadowy archway of leaves and trees, and stand in the mouth of its darkness to look down upon that illuminated spot. The leaves struck with light from above, are translucent, in all their softer parts, while their opaque frame-work stands in fine contrast. The sunlight comes checkering through the leaves, which, moving to a gentle wind, seem to shake it off from themselves. It falls upon the uncovered surface of the whirling brook, and flashes back in inconstant and fragmentary glances. The gravel beneath glows. The moss upon the upheaved stones has a golden greenness as if it exhaled about itself an atmosphere of colour. The rocks that creep down to the bank, covered too with deep moss, take, in spots, a stray reflected light, and seem luminous rather than illuminated. A hemlock tree by the bank is covered to its top with a grape-vine, from among whose broad palms it shoots out its arms and finely cut foliage in strange contrast. It is a green tent: a hollow spire. I would that it stood in my door yard, close by that cottage which shines in the edge of that grove of old trees. This stream, too, ought to flow just behind that grove; and that gigantic, grandly unshaped rock, which has been heaved out of its bed at some far distant day, and cast down here, crashing like a thunderbolt, oh yes, I must have that in my grounds too; but, just here my foot slipped from the unsteady stone, and the vision burst like one of the bubbles at my feet—as fair and as fragile.

But look down below, through this sapphire and emerald atmosphere, and see the dark arch which the stream presses headlong. The descent is greater there. And the water makes haste into the shadows, while the trees frown upon it, and casts up pearl-drops, as it wheels toward a plunge that even in that gloom seem to emit a pale light. One could stand here by the hour. This rush of wild waters about your feet; this utter lawlessness of power and beauty, so solitary, with such instant contrasts, with the sound of waters beneath and of leaves above; and you alone, standing in the fascination until you seem to become a part of the scene; and that strange sensation steals over you, as if you were exhaling, as if you were passing out of yourself, and going into diffusive alliance with the whole scene! You reel and start and wake up; saying, Well! well! this is not trouting; and start off forgetful of stones, crevices, slippery moss and snags, as if you were in a level road. You are brought to a consciousness at your third step by a slip, a plunge, and find yourself in the most natural manner upon your hands and knees; you can't help laughing at your ludicrous posture, the water damming itself up upon you as unceremoniously as if you were a log, and making a pet eddy in the neighbourhood of your breeches pocket. You even stop to sup up a mouthful of drink; and wish that somebody that knew you, could only be peeping through the bushes at your predicament—getting a great deal of innocent happiness at your expense, but not at your damage.

Gathering up your awkward body, you splunge along down stream, through the radiant spots into the dark, up to the falls, over which you peer, and taking discretion from experience, you deem it best to take the shore and walk around the fall. You are repaid for the trouble by three trout, neatly slipped out of their aqueous nest into your willow basket. Stepping in again, you pursue your way with various experience for a quarter of a mile, when you enter a narrow gorge. The rocks come down in a body to the stream on either side. There are no side bushes, the way opens up through the air, far above you, to the receding mountain sides, upon which stand yet a few pines, spared by the axe, memorials of a vast brotherhood long since chopped away by the inexorable charcoalers. The very stream seems to take something of dignity from its surroundings. It gathers its forces, contracts its channels, darkens its surface, and moves down to a succession of falls, over which one feels no disposition to plunge. And so, climbing along the edges of the rock, prying into each crevice with your toes, grasping twig, and root, and stem, you perch yourself mid-way, where you may see the fall above you, and looking down, the fall below you. Here you dream for a half hour—a waking gazing dream. You study each shoal and indentation of the water—its bursts of crystal drops—ever changing, yet always the same. On the far side come down sheaves of water stems; nowhere is the water transparent and colourless; from side to side, from top to bottom, within and without, it is stuck through and through with air-mixed drops, so that it sheets down from top to bottom like a flow of diamonds, and pearls, and crystals. Beneath are long trunks of trees, which some of the frequent freshets brought down and hurled over, where striking headlong they stuck fast, and lie gaunt-upright.

How rich and various are the mosses in this ravine. You sit down upon their moist plush, and find miniature palms and fern-like branches, and all manner of real or fanciful resemblances. The flowers too, those humble friends, have not forsaken this wild glen; they have crept up to drink at the very edge of the water; they hang secure and fearless from crevices on the face of the perpendicular rocks, and everywhere different species are retreating to their seed-forms or advancing to their bud, or are shaking their blossoms to the wind, which comes up from the gorge, made by the falling water.

Here indeed is good companionship—here is space for deep and strange joy. If the thought of the city intrudes, it seems like a dream; it can hardly be real that there are stacked houses, burning streets, reeking gutters, everlasting din of wheels, and outcry of voices. In this cool twilight, without a voice except of wind and waters, where all is primeval, solitary and rudely beautiful, you seem to come out of yourself. Your life lifts itself up from the interior recesses, and comes forth. Your own nature—your longings—your hope and love—your faith and trust, seem to live with quiet and unshrinking life; neither ruffled nor driven back, nor overlaid by all the contacts and burdens of multitudinous life in the city. Oh! why may not one carry hence that freshness which he feels—that simplicity—that trustfulness to what is real, and that repugnance to all that is sham? Why may not one always find the way to heaven and to spiritual converse, as short and as facile as it is in these lonely mountains? It was in such places that Christ loved to stray. It was in such places that he spent nights in prayer. I never linger in such places long without a thought of his example, and a sympathetic understanding of why it should be so. Christ's love of nature, his constant allusions to flowers, his evident familiarity with solitudes, as if he was never so little alone as when separated from all men, mark any degree of the same relish in us, as a true and divine taste.

But we must hasten on. A few more spotted spoils are awating us below. We make the brook again. We pierce the hollow of overhanging bushes—we strike across the patches of sun-light, which grow more frequent as we get lower down towards the plain; we take our share of tumbles and slips; we patiently extricate our entangled line, again and again, as it is sucked down under some log, or whirled around some network of broken beechen roots protruding from the shore. Here and there we half forget our errand as we break in upon some cove of moss, when our dainty feet halt upon green velvet, more beautiful a thousand times than ever sprung from looms at Brussels or Kidderminster. At length we hear the distant clatter of mills. We have finished the brook. Farewell—wild, wayward, simple stream! In a few moments you will be grown to a huge mill-pond; then at work upon its wheel—then, prim and proper, with ruffles on each side, you will walk through the meadows, clatter across the road, and mingle with the Morebrook, flow on toward the Housatonic—lost in its depths and breadths. For who will know thy drops in that promiscuous flood? Or who standing on its banks will dream from what scenes thou hast flowed—through what beauty—thyself the most beautiful?—*H. W. Beecher, in the Independent.*

THE CHANDOS PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The history of this portrait is interesting, and places its authenticity beyond all question. It is not known with certainty by whom it was painted; but it is reasonably supposed to be the work of Richard Burbage, Shakspeare's friend, fellow-factor, and partner, who is known to have been a painter—and if we remember correctly, the initials R. B. appear, or once appeared, upon some part of the canvass. It next, or perhaps first, belonged to Joseph Taylor, also an actor in Shakspeare's company, and who, we believe, was the first *Hamlet*. Taylor left it by will to Sir William Davenant, who was Shakspeare's god-son, and, it is suspected, his illegitimate son. Davenant, although but ten years old when Shakspeare died, had been in the habit of seeing his godfather frequently, and was of course fully aware of the claims of the portrait to authenticity. At the death of Davenant, which took place in 1665, it was bought by Betterton, the great actor of the time. While it was in the possession of Betterton it was copied by no less a painter than Sir Godfrey Kneller, by whom the copy was presented to Dryden. The laureate acknowledged the gift by some verses loaded down with vague but fulsome flattery, which are valuable, however, as indicative of his delight at possessing even a copy of a work which he had unquestionably often seen at the rooms of both Davenant and Betterton. At the death of Betterton it became the property of his particular friend, the beautiful actress, Mrs. Barry, celebrated equally for her talents and for her gallantries. She immediately sold it for forty guineas to a Mr. Robert Keck, of the Inner Temple. A Mr. Nicoll, whose only daughter married the Marquis of Caernarvon was created Duke of Chandos, and the portrait, from its being at Chandos House during the last quarter of the last century, when Shakspearean matters so occupied the world of polite letters, acquired the name of Chandos portrait, by which it has ever since been known. From the Duke of Chandos it passed to the Duke of Buckingham; and at the sale of the effects of the latter noblemen, it was purchased by its present possessor, the Earl of Ellesmere.

Many copies of this interesting portrait were made during the last century, one by Sir Joshua Reynolds—and some engravings have been executed from it. But the copies were rarely successful, and the engravings were also generally failures. By far the greater portion of the prints seen of it are from engravings made from copies. Of late years no copy or engraving has been permitted to be made from it, except the large and very fine engraving executed, by permission of the Earl of Ellesmere, for the Shakspeare Society of London. The prints from this are not for sale and are procurable only by members of the Society. Lord Ellesmere in acknowledgment of the compliment paid to him by the Shakspeare Society of New York, has presented it with an Artist's proof copy of this print on India paper, copies of which are not to be secured in any way. The portrait, the history of which is so carefully chronicled, has comparatively little merit as a work of art; although in this respect it has been rather underrated. Its colour is harmonious, though somewhat coarsely applied, and though it has not much merit in drawing, still the forms and lines express the combined intelligence, dignity, and gentleness, which the subject leads us to look for. It is worthy of remark that though many portraits, professing to have been painted from Shakspeare, have been put before the world, this only resembles the bust placed over his tomb just after his death, and the print from an engraving by Martin Droeshout, which appeared on the title page of the first edition of his plays. These three works—the bust, the print, and the Chandos Portrait, are now the only likenesses of Shakspeare received as genuine. Its nominal value is five hundred guineas ($2500), but to the worshipper of Shakspeare it is priceless.

Our readers will find much about this portrait, the bust and the print, as well as the various pretended portraits, in Boaden's or in Wivell's books on the portraits of Shakspeare, if they can procure those interesting volumes; but we believe that in no one place can they find all the facts with regard to the history of the Chandos portrait, given so succinctly, at least, as in this column.—*Courier and Enquirer.*

GONE ASTRAY.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

When I was a very small boy indeed, both in years and stature, I got lost one day in the city of London. I was taken out by somebody (shade of Somebody forgive me for remembering no more of thy identity!), as an immense treat, to be shown the outside of Saint Giles's Church. I had romantic ideas in connection with that religious edifice; firmly believing that all the beggars who pretended through the week to be blind, lame, one-armed, deaf and dumb, and otherwise physically afflicted, laid aside their pretences every Sunday, dressed themselves in holiday clothes, and attended divine service in the temple of their patron Saint. I had a general idea that the reigning successor of Bamfylde Moore Carew acted as a sort of Churchwarden on these occasions, and sat in a high pew with red curtains.

It was in the spring-time when these tender notions of mine, bursting forth into new shoots under the influence of the season, became sufficiently troublesome to my parents and guardians to occasion Somebody to volunteer to take me to see the outside of Saint Giles's Church, which was considered likely (I suppose) to quench my romantic fire, and bring me to a practical state. We set off after breakfast. I have an impression that Somebody was got up in a striking manner—in cord breeches of fine texture and milky hue, in long jean gaiters, in a green coat with bright buttons, in a blue neckerchief, and a monstrous shirt-collar. I think he must have newly come (as I had myself) out of the hop grounds of Kent. I considered him the glass of fashion and the mould of form: a very Hamlet without the burden of his difficult family affairs.

We were conversational together, and saw the outside of Saint Giles's Church with sentiments of satisfaction, much enhanced by a flag flying from a steeple. I infer that we then went down to Northumberland House in the Strand to view the celebrated lion over the gateway. At all events, I know that in the act of looking up with mingled awe and admiration at that famous animal I lost Somebody.

The child's unreasoning terror of being lost, comes as freshly on me now as it did then. I verily believe that if I had found myself astray at the North Pole instead of in the narrow, crowded inconvenient street over which the lion in those days presided, I could not have been more horrified. But, this first fright expended itself in a little crying and tearing up and down; and then I walked, with a feeling of dismal dignity upon me, into a court, and sat down on a step to consider how to get through life.

To the best of my belief, the idea of asking my way home never came into my head. It is possible that I may, for the time, have preferred the dismal dignity of being lost; but I have a serious conviction that in the wide scope of my arrangements for the future, I had no eyes for the nearest and most obvious course. I was but very juvenile; from eight to nine years old, I fancy.

I had one and fourpence in my pocket, and a pewter ring with a bit of red glass in it on my little finger. This jewel had been presented to me by the object of my affections, on my birthday, when we had sworn to marry, but had foreseen family obstacles to our union, in her being (she was six years old) of the Wesleyan persuasion, while I was devotedly attached to the Church of England. The one and fourpence were the remains of half-a-crown, presented on the same anniversary by my godfather, a man who knew his duty, and did it.

Armed with these amulets, I made up my little mind to seek my fortune. When I had found it, I thought I would drive home in a coach and six, and claim my bride. I cried a little more at the idea of such a triumph, but soon dried my eyes and came out of the court to pursue my plans. These were, first to go (as a species of investment) and see the Giants in Guildhall, out of whom I felt it not improbable that some prosperous adventure would arise; failing that contingency, to try about the city for any opening of a Whittington nature; baffled in that too, to go into the army as a drummer.

So, I began to ask my way to Guildhall: which I thought meant, Gold, or Golden Hall; I was too knowing to ask my way to the Giants, for I felt it would make people laugh. I remember how immensely broad the streets seemed now I was alone, how high the houses, how grand and mysterious everything. When I came to temple Bar, it took me half-an-hour to stare at it, and I left it unfinished even then. I had read about heads being exposed on the top of Temple Bar, and it seemed a wicked old place, albeit a noble monument of architecture and a paragon of utility. When at last I got away from it, behold, I came, the next minute, on the figures at St. Dunstan's! Who could see those obliging monsters strike upon the bells and go? Between the quarters there was the toyshop to look at—still there, at this present writing, in a new form—and even when that enchanted spot was escaped from, after an hour and more, then Saint Paul's arose, and how was I to get beyond its dome, or take my eyes from its cross of gold? I found it a long journey to the Giants, and a slow one.

I came into their presence at last, and gazed up at them with dread and veneration. They looked better tempered, and were altogether more shiny-faced, than I had expected, but they were very big, and, as I judged their pedestals to be about forty feet high, I considered that they would be very big indeed if they were walking on the stone pavement. I was in a state of mind as to these and all such figures, which I suppose holds equally with most children. While I knew them to be images made of something that was not flesh and blood, I still invested them with attributes of life—with consciousness of my being there, for example, and the power of keeping a sly eye upon me. Being very tired I got into the corner under Magog, to be out of the way of his eye, and fell asleep.

When I started up after a long nap, I thought the giants were roaring, but it was only the city. The place was just the same as when I fell asleep; no beanstalk, no fairy, no princess, no dragon, no opening in life of any kind. So, being hungry, I thought I would buy something to eat, and bring it in there and eat it, before going forth to seek my fortune on the Whittington plan.

I was not ashamed of buying a penny roll in a baker's shop, but I looked into a number of cook's shops before I could muster courage to go into one. At last, I saw a pile of cooked sausages in a window with the label "Small Germans, A Penny." Emboldened by knowing what to ask for, I went in and said, "If you please will you sell me a small German?" which they did, and I took it, wrapped in paper in my pocket, to Guildhall.

The giants were still lying by, in their sly way, pretending to take no notice, so I sat down in another corner, when what should I see before me but a dog with his ears cocked. He was a black dog, with a bit of white over one eye, and bits of white and tan in his paws, and he wanted to play, frisking about me, rubbing his nose against me, dodging at me sideways, shaking his head and pretending to run away backwards, and making himself good-naturedly ridiculous, as if he had no consideration for himself, but wanted to raise my spirits. Now, when I saw this dog I thought of Whittington, and felt that things were coming right; I encouraged him by saying "Hi, boy!" "Poor fellow!" "Good dog!" and was satisfied that he was to be my dog for ever afterwards, and that he would help me to seek my fortune.

Very much comforted by this (I had cried a little at odd times ever since I was lost), I took the small German out of my pocket, and began my dinner, by biting off a bit and throwing it to the dog, who immediately swallowed it with a one-sided jerk, like a pill. While I took a bit myself, and he looked me in the face for a second piece, I considered by what name I should call him. I thought Merrychance would be an expressive name, under the circumstances; and I was elated, I recollect, by inventing such a good one, when Merrychance began to growl at me in a most ferocious manner.

I wondered he was not ashamed of himself, but he didn't care for that; on the contrary he growled a good deal more. With his mouth watering, and his eyes glistening, and his nose in a very damp state, and his head very much on one side, he sidled about on the pavement in a threatening manner and growled at me, until he suddenly made a snap at the small German, tore it out of my hand, and went off with it. He never came back to help me seek my fortune. From that hour to the present, when I am forty years of age, I have never seen my faithful Merrychance again.

I felt very lonely. Not so much for the loss of the small German, though it was delicious (I knew nothing about highly peppered horse at that time) as on account of Merrychance's disappointing me so cruelly; for I had hoped he would do every friendly thing but speak, and perhaps even come to that. I cried a little more, and began to wish that the object of my affections had been lost with me, for company's sake. But, then I remembered that *she* could not go into the army as a drummer; and I dried my eyes and ate my loaf. Coming out, I met a milk-woman, of whom I bought a pennyworth of milk; quite set up again by my repast, I began to roam about the City, and to seek my fortune in the Whittington direction.

When I go into the City, now, it makes me sorrowful to think that I am quite an artful wretch. Strolling about as a lost child, I thought of the British Merchant and the Lord Mayor, and was full of reverence. Strolling about it now, I laugh at the sacred liveries of state, and get indignant with the corporation as one of the strongest practical jokes of the present day. What did I know then, about the multitude who are always being disappointed in the City; who are always expecting to meet a party there, and to receive money there, and whose expectations are never fulfilled? What did I know, then, about that wonderful person, the friend in the City, who is to do so many things for so many people; who is to get this one into a post at home, and that one into a post abroad; who is to settle with this man's creditors, provide for that man's son, and see that other man paid; who is to "throw himself" into this grand Joint-Stock certainty, and is to put his name down on that Life Assurance Directory, and never does anything predicted of him? What did I know, then, about him as the friend of gentlemen, Mossic Arabs and others, usually to be seen at races, and chiefly residing in the neighbourhood of Red Lion Square; and as being unable to discount the whole amount of that paper in money, but as happening to have by him a cask of remarkable fine sherry, a dressing case, and a Venus by Titian, with which he would be willing to make up the balance? Had I ever heard of him, in those innocent days, as confiding information (which never by any chance turned out to be in the remotest degree correct) to solemn bald men, who mysteriously imparted it to breathless dinner tables? No. Had I ever learned to dread him as a shark, disregard him as a humbug, and know him for a myth? Not I. Had I ever heard of him as associated with tightness in the money market, gloom in consols, the exportation of gold, or that rock ahead in everybody's course the bushel of wheat? Never. Had I the least idea what was meant by such terms as jobbery, rigging the market, cooking accounts, getting up a dividend, making things pleasant, and the like? Not the slightest. Should I have detected in Mr. Hudson himself, a staring carcase of golden veal? By no manner of means. The City was to me a vast emporium of precious stones and metals, casks and bales, honour and generosity, foreign fruits and spices. Every merchant and banker was a compound of Mr. Fitz-Warren and Sinbad the Sailor. Smith, Payne, and Smith, when the wind was fair for Barbary and the captain present, were in the habit of calling their servants together (the cross cook included) and asking them to produce their little shipments. Glyn and Halifax had personally undergone great hardships in the valley of diamonds. Baring Brothers had seen Rocs' eggs and travelled with caravans. Rothschild had sat in the Bazaar at Bagdad with rich stuffs for sale; and a veiled lady from the Sultan's harem, riding on a donkey, had fallen in love with him.

Thus I wandered about the City, like a child in a dream, staring at the British merchants, and inspired by a mighty faith in the marvellousness of everything. Up courts and down courts—in and out of yards and little squares—peeping into counting-house passages and running away—poorly feeding the echoes in the court of the South Sea House with my timid steps—roaming down into Austin Friars, and wondering how the Friars used to like it—ever staring at the British merchants, and never tired of the shops—I rambled on, all through the day. In such stories as I made, to account for the different places, I believed as devoutly as in the City itself. I particularly remember that when I found myself on 'Change, and saw the shabby people sitting under the pincards about ships, I settled that they were Misers, who had embarked all their wealth to go and buy gold-dust or something of that sort, and were waiting for their respective captains to come and tell them that they were ready to set sail. I observed that they all munched dry biscuits, and I thought it was to keep off sea-sickness.

This was very delightful; but it still produced no result according to the Whittington precedent. There was a dinner preparing at the Mansion House, and when I peeped in at a grated kitchen window, and saw the men cooks at work in their white caps, my heart began to beat with hope that the Lord Mayor, or the Lady Mayoress, or one of the young Princesses their daughters, would look out of an upper apartment and direct me to be taken in. But, nothing of the kind occurred. It was not until I had been peeping in some time that one of the cooks called to me (the window was open) "Cut away, you sir!" which frightened me so, on account of his black whiskers, that I instantly obeyed.

After that, I came to the India House, and asked a boy what it was, who made faces and pulled my hair before he told me, and behaved altogether in an ungenteel and discourteous manner. Sir James Hogg himself might have been satisfied with the veneration in which I held the India House. I had no doubt of its being the most wonderful, the most magnanimous, the most incorruptible, the most practically disinterested, the most in all respects astonishing, establishment on the face of the earth. I understood the nature of an oath, and would have sworn it to be one entire and perfect chrysolite.

Thinking much about boys who went to India, and who immediately, without being sick, smoked pipes like curled-up bell-ropes, terminating in a large cut-glass sugar basin upside down, I got among the outfitting shops. There, I read the lists of things that were necessary for an India-going boy, and when I came to "one brace of pistols," thought what happiness to be reserved for such a fate! Still no British merchant seemed at all disposed to take me into his house. The only exception was a chimney-sweep—he looked at me as if he thought me suitable to his business; but I ran away from him.

I suffered very much, all day, from boys; they chased me down turnings, brought me to bay in doorways, and treated me quite savagely, though I am sure I gave them no offence. One boy, who had a stump of black lead pencil in his pocket, wrote his mother's name and address (as he said) on my white hat, outside the crown. Mrs. Blores, Wooden Leg Walk, Tobacco-stopper Row, Wapping. And I couldn't rub it out.

I recollect resting in a little churchyard after this persecution, disposed to think upon the whole, that if I and the object of my affections could be buried there together, at once, it would be comfortable. But, another nap, and a pump, and a bun, and above all, a picture that I saw, brought me round again.

I must have strayed by that time, as I recall my course, into Goodman's Fields, or somewhere thereabouts. The picture represented a scene in a play then performing at a theatre in that neighbourhood which is no longer in existence. It stimulated me to go to that theatre and see that play. I resolved, as there seemed to be nothing doing in the Whittington way, that on the conclusion of the entertainments I would ask my way to the barracks, knock at the gate, and tell them that I understood they were in want of drummers, and there I was. I think I must have been told, but I know I believed, that a soldier was always on duty, day and night, behind every barrack-gate, with a shilling; and that a boy who could by any means be prevailed on to accept it, instantly became a drummer, unless his father paid four hundred pounds.

I found out the theatre—of its external appearance I only remember the loyal initials G. R. untidily painted in yellow ochre on the front—and waited, with a pretty large crowd, for the opening of the gallery doors. The greater part of the sailors and others composing the crowd were of the lowest description, and their conversation was not improving; but I understood little or nothing of what was bad in it then, and it had no depraving influence on me. I have wondered since, how long it would take, by means of such association, to corrupt a child nurtured as I had been, and innocent as I was.

Whenever I saw that my appearance attracted attention, either outside the doors or afterwards within the theatre, I pretended to look out for somebody who was taking care of me, and from whom I was separated, and to exchange nods and smiles with that creature of my imagination. This answered very well. I had my sixpence clutched in my hand ready to pay; and when the doors opened, with a clattering of bolts, and some screaming from women in the crowd, I went on with the current like a straw. My sixpence was rapidly swallowed up in the money-taker's pigeon-hole, which looked to me like a sort of mouth, and I got into the freer staircase above, and ran on (as everybody else did) to get a good place. When I came to the back of the gallery, there were very few people in it, and the seats looked so horribly steep, and so like a diving arrangement to send me, headforemost, into the pit, that I held by one of them in a terrible fright. However, there was a good-natured baker with a young woman, who gave me his hand, and we all three scrambled over the seats together down into the corner of the first row. The baker was very fond of the young woman, and kissed her a good deal in the course of the evening.

I was no sooner comfortably settled, than a weight fell upon my mind, which tormented it most dreadfully, and which I must explain. It was a benefit night—the benefit of the comic actor—a little fat man with a very large face and, as I thought then, the smallest and most diverting hat that ever was seen. This comedian, for the gratification of his friends and patrons, had undertaken to sing a comic song on a donkey's back, and afterwards to give away the donkey so distinguished by lottery. In this lottery, every person admitted to the pit and gallery had a chance. On paying my sixpence, I had received the number, forty-seven; and I now thought, in a perspiration of terror, what should I ever do if that number was to come up the prize, and I was to win the donkey!

It made me tremble all over to think of the possibility of my good fortune. I knew I never could conceal the fact of my holding forty-seven, in case that number came up, because, not to speak of my confusion, which would immediately condemn me, I had shewn my number to the baker. Then, I pictured to myself the being called upon to come down on the stage and receive the donkey. I thought how all the people would shriek when they saw it had fallen to a little fellow like me. How should I lead him out—for of course he wouldn't go? If he began to bray, what should I do? If he kicked, what would become of me? Suppose he backed into the stage-door, and stuck there, with me upon him? For I felt that if I won him, the comic actor would have me on his back, the moment he could touch me. Then if I got him out of the theatre, what was I to do with him? How was I to feed